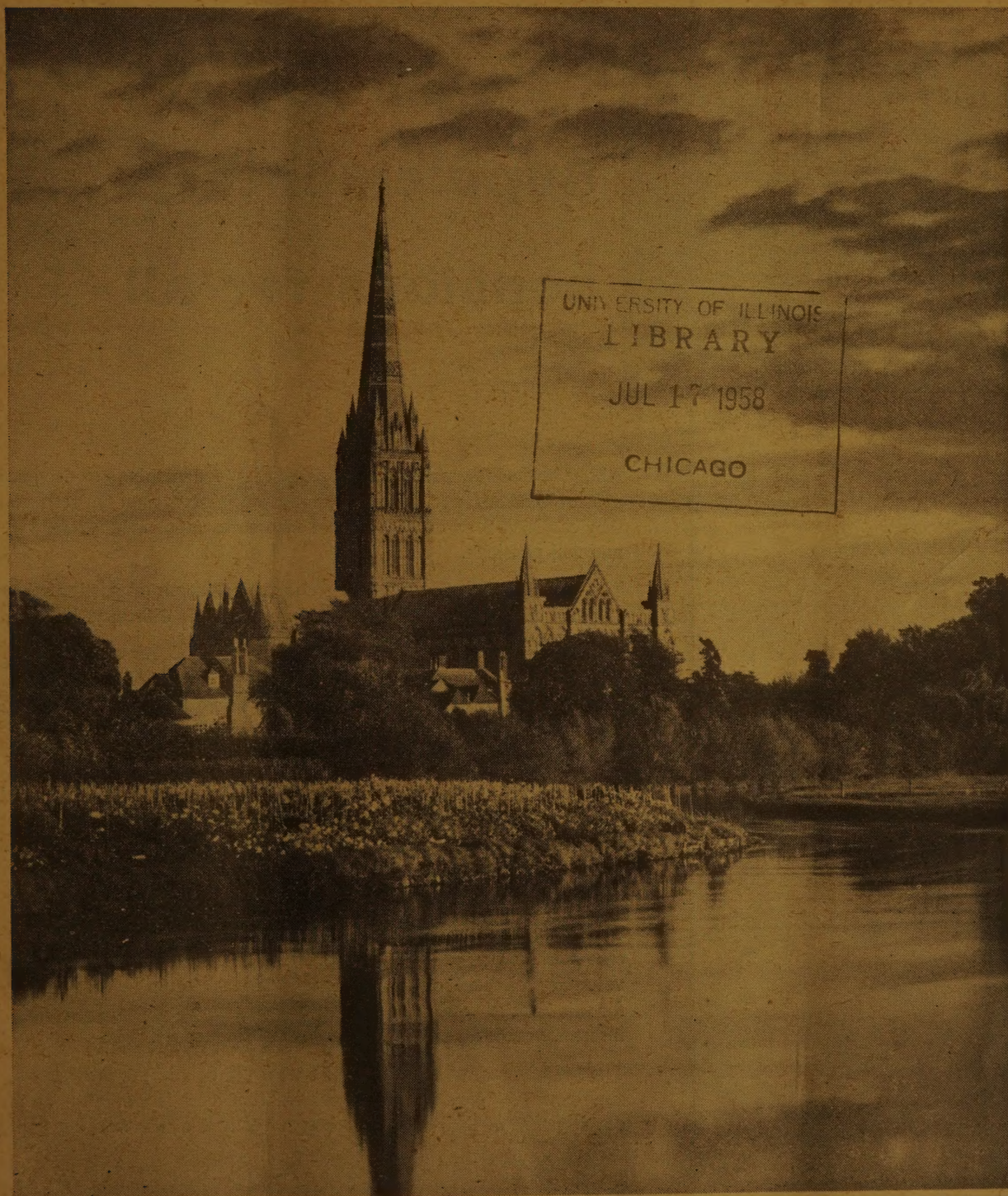


# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



A. F. Kersting

Salisbury Cathedral, Wiltshire: the 700th anniversary of its foundation was commemorated on June 28

In this number:

The Human Story behind Atomic Science (H. C. Longuet-Higgins)

Oxford in Politics (John Sparrow)

Travel and the Writer (V. S. Pritchett)



*PENSION POINTS: 3*

Plans for a higher standard of state pensions and how this can best be achieved are being widely discussed. In this series of advertisements the Life Offices' Association and Associated Scottish Life Offices draw attention to some aspects of the problem which they believe to be important.

## Supplementary pensions for all

About half of the male working population are members of occupational pension schemes, and the number is steadily increasing. On retirement they can look forward to a regular income to supplement their national pensions.

The introduction of new schemes and the extension of existing schemes to cover all employees of larger firms presents no difficulty. Indeed this can be expected as employers appreciate the need.

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The 'casual' and 'mobile' workers present a special problem. Their case merits examination by Government to determine whether a special voluntary scheme for supplementary pensions should be arranged for this class of worker or whether the existing facilities of private insurance could be suitably adapted for the purpose.

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# The Listener

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## Cyprus, Greece, and Turkey

### I. A Desperate Mood in Athens

By ERIK DE MAUNY, B.B.C. correspondent in Greece

[The British Government's new plan for Cyprus was published on June 19]

FOR roughly 100 years one of the favourite forms of Greek popular entertainment has been the so-called shadow theatre, in which the principal role is always taken by the same character—Karaghiozi—a lazy, ne'er-do-well peasant, who is always involved in some scrape or other but always triumphs in the end through his cunning and quick wits. The shadow theatre has, in fact, a family likeness to the old Italian *Commedia dell'Arte*, or our own Punch and Judy show—the same stock characters keep on reappearing.

But it is more than just a diversion for children. It has been made a vehicle for crude but vigorous political satire, and in the past the Greeks have often used it as a way of poking fun at the Turks. Several of the standard shadow-theatre plays deal with the heroic period of the Greek Liberation War against Turkey; and Karaghiozi, with his great hooked nose and humped back, appears as a typical Greek guerrilla fighting the Turkish Pashas. In one play he is caught and beaten by a Turk, whereupon he turns to his tormentor and says: 'Why are you exhausting yourself like

that? You'll only catch a cold and grow weak, and do yourself in'.

Oddly enough, it was from Turkey that the shadow theatre was first introduced into Greece, but the Greeks quickly adapted it to their own needs, and Karaghiozi's cry to his Turkish captor does seem to reflect the intense but ambiguous relationship in which for 300 years Turk and Greek lived together as oppressor and oppressed. One has to remember that long period of Ottoman occupation, if one wants to grasp the underlying reason for the present Greek bitterness over Cyprus, the reason they oppose so fanatically any Turkish claim to control the island's future. The feeling is that if you give the Turks an inch, they will take an ell. It is preposterous, say the Greeks, that with the Turkish Cypriots making barely a fifth of the island's population, Turkey should be given equal representation in running Cyprus. Yet that is just what the new British plan, with its proposal for a Governor's Council of three, and two separate Houses, seems to do.

The argument does not stop there. In fact, as I have discovered in talking to Greek Cypriots during the past few days, it is readily transformed into a huge catalogue of



grievances, going back thirty years or more. One point, for example, that the Greek Cypriots make, is that as long ago as 1923, by the Treaty of Lausanne, Turkey formally renounced all rights and claims to the islands removed from her sovereignty, and that included Cyprus. In any case, they go on to say, the Turkish Cypriots lived for years quite amicably with their Greek fellow islanders, and took a neutral attitude during the earlier Greek-Cypriot uprising against British rule in 1931. So in the eyes of Greek and Cypriot-Greek alike, the present Turkish clamour for partition is entirely unjustified. They look upon it as a movement encouraged by the British authorities on the island, and now given the official backing of the Turkish Government as a way to divert attention from Turkey's internal weaknesses. Greek newspapers, not conspicuous at any time for moderation, have been full of adjectives like 'diabolical' and 'Machiavellian'. 'Worse than the Radcliffe Constitution', they say; 'an attempt to perpetuate Greek-Cypriot servi-

tude', and, in my hearing, after one of the Ethnarchy meetings, the Mayor of Nicosia, Mr. Dervas, let fall the epithet 'satanic'. It was on that same evening, after being welcomed by the Mayor of Athens at the Town Hall, that Mr. Dervas made a speech saying that the Greek Cypriots must now intensify their struggle for freedom.

In spite of these ringing words, I should say that there has been a certain desperation in the mood of these past few days. Athens itself has been calm. In any case the authorities are at present discouraging any form of mass demonstration. The visiting Greek-Cypriot mayors have gone grim and unsmiling to their numerous meetings with Archbishop Makarios and the other members of the Ethnarchy Council. In short, there is a general feeling that the whole problem has come to a dead end. And in the claustrophobic atmosphere of Athens during these past few days, it is difficult to see just how or when a way out of the impasse will be found.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

## II. 'Partition or Death!'

LEONARD PARKIN, B.B.C. special correspondent, on the attitude in Turkey

**Y**OU do not have to be in Turkey long before you begin to have psychological thoughts about the interrelation of love and hate, and the reason is easy to find. To a great many Turks, the Government of Mr. Menderes is a political Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; a government with the charm of Jekyll whenever you mention Cyprus, and a far less attractive government when the Turks are talking about how quickly their money disappears. In other words, at home there is discontent, but with regard to Cyprus there is solid backing for the Menderes ideal of partition.

### Steeply Rising Prices

The Turks are tortured by a steadily increasing cost of living. The price of gold in Turkey has gone up 400 per cent. in the last six years. Prices are constantly rising. The other morning, the workers who use the Bosphorus ferry boats went aboard, and found, without their having heard of this before, that their fares had gone up by as much as 150 per cent. This increase, which would normally have caused a great deal of wrathful comment, was lost in the jungle of headlines on Cyprus; and in Istanbul you will hear from the political opponents of Mr. Menderes allegations that he is using his national backing on Cyprus to camouflage the grey, economic conditions at home.

Last week, too, most of Istanbul's morning newspapers—there are twelve of them—put up their prices. One that did not put its price up proved how cash-conscious the Turks are at the moment by adding 20,000 to its circulation in two days.

The rate of exchange of the Turkish lira to the pound sterling is no measure at all of its real value. An Englishman living here has to change his pound for only 7.82 lire; a tourist or visitor, on the other hand, gets 14.75 to the pound. But on the black market you can get up to 45 to the pound, I am told. The Foreign Ministry made an effort to cut down the traffic in black market lire. Hotel guests in Istanbul, and presumably in other parts of the country too, received a notice from the management saying they must pay their bills in foreign currency: to pay in lire, they must produce evidence that they were obtained at the legal rate.

This expensive and cash-conscious city, where the taxi

drivers ignore the meters and charge what they think, is rather drab, even in the sunshine. There is no metropolitan smartness about the women, and the men—in good clothes often—vary from the conservatively tidy to the downright unkempt. It is difficult to imagine yourself in a Moslem city, a former capital, until you cross the Golden Horn (that romantically named river) and find the Istanbul that is so often impressed upon the leather backs of photograph albums, with the domes of mosques and the pin-pointed minarets sticking up like 'Corporal' rockets on their launching platforms. But, generally, there is a monotony about the shops, and there are few imported goods—foreign exchange will not allow them. You cannot buy coffee—in Turkey, of all places! At the moment sugar is scarce, and one Turk said to me cynically that there is plenty of sugar in the warehouses but obviously there is going to be an increase in price.

Turkey has really been trying to do too much, too fast: improving ports, building dams for hydro schemes, housing projects, and the result is inflation. An educated Turk with whom I was discussing this whole question, said: 'You can't mingle home affairs and Cyprus'. Others I have talked to are not so sure. There is no doubt about the passion and the sincerity of the people for partition as a solution, a belief unaltered by the British plan; and while they are solidly behind the Government in this, informed observers here cannot escape the conclusion that a great deal of the anger generated by the depressing conditions at home is being absorbed in the Cyprus question, with consequent relief to the Government. The anger at Mr. Hyde, in other words, is diminished by the charm of Dr. Jekyll.

### The Only Solution

At their meetings the people cry: 'Partition or death!'. The Turkish Parliament has voted partition as the only solution. Mr. Zorlu, the Foreign Minister, has said that the principle of collaboration in the plan can be reconciled with the principle of partition. Speculation here now rests on the Turkish wish for a three-Power meeting. You soon find out here that the Turks believe a solution is more important to them than to anyone.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)



# Golden Jubilee of the Territorial Army

By Field-Marshal LORD HARDING

**A**T the beginning of 1914 I was a junior clerk in the Post Office Savings Bank, and there I came in contact with a remarkable man who changed the course of my life. His name was Jimmie Maxwell. He was a civil servant of some standing and an ardent Territorial. When he persuaded me to join the Territorial Army in May 1914 he was an officer in the 11th County of London Regiment, The Finsbury Rifles, having worked his way up through the ranks of a London Yeomanry Regiment, and it was the Finsbury Rifles that I joined. Jimmie was typical of the Territorial Army of that time—a bit of a swashbuckler perhaps, but an out-and-out enthusiast with the highest sense of duty and a flair for military tactics and techniques. In the war that followed soon after our meeting he proved himself to be a fearless and inspiring leader in battle. The citizen force to which he devoted all his spare time lives on. How proud and happy he would have been if he could have witnessed the Queen's review in Hyde Park on Sunday last.

There are other men of the Territorial Army that I served with and came to know well and to rely upon in the stress and strain of war: men of quiet habits and gentle character but enthusiasts all the same. I can think of one now; retired from active affairs, he still devotes much of his time to the interest of his comrades. There were many others—among them my two platoon sergeants, one a burly, cheerful man full of resource and common sense, who could raise any man's morale no matter how low it had dropped, the other a more retiring personality but endowed with great determination—a very wise old bird in whom we all had the utmost confidence. All types and conditions of men, and all inspired by the same spirit of service. You will find the same today in any unit of the Territorial Army you may care to select: men who are prepared to give up their spare time to fit themselves to defend their country against attack. What other nation can boast of a better reserve army or furnish itself with one at so low a cost?

The history of voluntary service in defence of the Realm is



The Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh reviewing the Territorial Army in Hyde Park at its Golden Jubilee parade on June 22

not confined to the past fifty years. It dates from our earliest days as a nation and has always been traditional in our national way of life. Whenever this country has been in danger there have been men ready to give their services in its defence; but the men and women who make the greatest contribution are those who are prepared to give up their spare time before the threat of war develops in order to fit themselves for military service in the event of a national emergency. To serve in the Territorial Army is to sacrifice leisure to duty, and there can be no higher act of patriotism in time of peace.

Looking back into history, the Honourable Artillery Company is the most ancient military body among the armed forces of the world. It was granted its charter as the 'Gyilde of Saint George' by Henry VIII in 1537—more than 400 years ago. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, when we were threatened with invasion by Spain, the famous 'Trained Bands' were formed in the City of London, and history records that these devoted men performed their drills in the long summer evenings after their normal day's work was done, and on Sundays, just as members of the Territorial Army do today. Two centuries later, when Napoleon was at our gates, our volunteer forces were again overhauled and expanded. Troops of Yeomanry were raised, and other measures were taken to enable ordinary citizens to participate in the defence of the country.

Throughout the nineteenth century 'The Yeomanry and Volunteers', as they had by then come to be called, developed and prospered. But they were independent units without any organisation for command or administration, and when at the beginning of this century the threat of war loomed up again with the growing military power and aggressive mood of Germany, it became clear that the Volunteers would have to be reorganised and expanded if they were to play an effective part in the event of war.

In 1908 Mr. Haldane, as he then was, introduced a comprehensive plan of army reforms, under which the Volunteers were organised into brigades and divisions with their proper proportion of artillery, engineers, and other supporting arms and administrative services. By an Order in Council the Yeomanry and Volunteers were formally



Men of the 17th London (Territorial) Regiment, 47th Division, crossing the Ancre Valley in the Somme area in 1916

Imperial War Museum



transferred to the Territorial Force, as it was first named. On March 19, 1908, the Territorial Army, as it has since come to be called, was officially born.

Who were these Yeomen and Volunteers? Where did they come from? Why did they join? What induced them to devote their spare time to military training? They came from every walk of life. There were men from the professions, from commerce and from industry, civil servants and schoolmasters; busy men with careers to make and families to support, not men of leisure, they came from the factories, the workshops, the offices and the shops—butchers, bakers and candlestick makers—men from the mines and the farms. And they served for different reasons—for the companionship, for the change the military training offered from the routine of civil life, for a cheap holiday by the sea perhaps, and some, so the cynical said, to escape from a nagging wife. But underlying it all was the spirit of service—service to Sovereign and country—a desire, often inarticulate and unexpressed, to be ready in case of need to play their part in the defence of all that was dear to them.

### First Great Test

In 1914, only six years after its birth, the Territorial Army faced its first great test. I still have the most vivid recollection of those early days of the first world war. The Finsbury Rifles, in company with the rest of the London Division to which we belonged, were due to go to camp at the end of July. Our trains left London according to plan, and speculation was rife. Arrived at our destination we heard we were to return at once to London—my first but by no means last experience of a sudden change of plan. Excitement was at a high pitch as we journeyed back, and at Waterloo we were told to disperse to our homes and await orders for mobilisation. Amidst all this excitement and hubbub it was easy to detect a feeling of uncertainty and anxiety, especially amongst the older family men. When would the ordeal come? What form would it take? Should we come through with honour? Were we fit for this task that lay ahead? What about our civilian jobs? How would it all end, and when it did how should we be placed? Had we been wise to join the Territorial Force, to volunteer to serve overseas if need be? Would it not have been better to have waited till we were summoned? The same sort of questions no doubt as wives and sweethearts and mothers put today when their menfolk speak of joining the Territorial Army.

Unfortunately, Lord Kitchener had had no personal experience of the Territorial Army when he became Secretary of State for War in 1914. He failed to make use of its organisation as the basis for the expansion of the Army and decided to raise new armies instead. It would be untrue to say that the Territorial force of 1914 was adequately equipped or properly trained. Neither the Government of the day nor the regular Army had given the Territorial force the interest and support it deserved or the resources it needed to fit it for its task. During the first year of the war we were moved from camp to camp for no obvious reason and our training was sadly lacking in imagination and realism. I can well remember 'learning on the job'; often it was a case of the blind leading the blind and both falling into the ditch, which inevitably led to unnecessary loss of life.

How did we fare when it came to the test of war? The landing at Suvla Bay was a severe ordeal, the heat and humidity of a Mediterranean summer, one water bottle of none too fresh water a day, and only bully beef and biscuits to eat for days on end, a gruelling experience for the most toughly trained men. We had had a year's training at home but we were nothing like as fit as we could have been made. But the spirit was there all right, and, though it took several months, we, like the rest of the Territorials, steadily learnt to adapt ourselves to the dour business of war. Learning the hard way is very expensive in war, and it is good to know that nowadays if you join the Territorial Army the emphasis is being placed on the challenge of a tough hobby rather than on the attractions of club life—though a Territorial Unit still remains the 'best club in town'.

The outstanding lesson of 1914 is that if the citizen soldier is to do his job, if the time and effort he so unselfishly devotes to the service of his fellow countrymen is to be worth while, he must be given the tools for the job, he must have available to

him expert advice and assistance, his training must be imaginative, realistic, and tough.

Between the two world wars the Territorial Army steadily developed in strength and efficiency, undeterred by the general atmosphere of complacency in other quarters. How wise they were, these stout-hearted and public-spirited citizens and soldiers. What a tragedy it was there were not more of them. When the second great test came with Hitler's rise to power they were in a greater state of readiness than ever before—thanks almost entirely to their own devoted efforts. But, once again, the Territorial Army was faced with a decision that was disappointing to all and deeply resented by some: rightly or wrongly it was suspended as a separate entity, and a single national army was set up. But this did not affect the spirit of the individual members, the units or the formations of the Territorial Army, nor the quality of the service they rendered and the sacrifice they made throughout the war. Every man and every woman who joined the Territorial Army before war came was that much readier and that much better trained.

It was in the period immediately preceding the second world war that women began to play a more and more prominent part in the ranks of the Territorial Army, as in the armed forces as a whole. At the great review by Her Majesty the Queen, 450 women in the Territorial Army were on parade. This is some indication of the great part women play in the life and work of the Territorial Army today.

Having met the challenge of two world wars with outstanding success the Territorial Army had yet another test to face. After being in abeyance for over seven years, orders went out in 1947 for the Territorial Army to be re-formed. The fact that this was done speaks for itself. The spirit of voluntary service had survived. In spite of the increased difficulties of life after the war a considerable number of pre-war Territorials made time to rally to the help of their old units, and slowly but surely the Territorial Army has been brought back to life on a purely volunteer basis—first with large numbers of national service reservists filling up its ranks, and now once more in its old form as a volunteer force, an army of citizen soldiers steadily growing in strength, inspired by the same spirit of service as its forbears of fifty years ago, and determined to fit itself to play a worthy part in any emergency that the future may hold.

### The Future of the Territorials

What of the future? There are some who claim that the Territorial Army has now outlived its usefulness; that it has become an anachronism in these days of nuclear weapons and long-range missiles. It is rash to prophesy, and particularly unwise to try to forecast the form that any future war or other national emergency might take. Some of you will remember the talk of 'the war to end all wars' that was current in 1918. I am reminded of the claim that economic factors alone would prevent war or bring any war that was started to a speedy end. I remember the arguments advanced between the two world wars that infantry, and indeed armies, had become outdated; and I was told that in 1939 a high-ranking officer expressed the view that all work on landing craft should cease because under modern conditions there could never again be a large-scale amphibious operation. We hear much in the same sense today. But too much is at stake to allow the wish to be the father of the thought in matters of national safety. Amidst all the uncertainties of the present age there are some facts that put our continuing need of a strong and efficient Territorial Army beyond all doubt.

We are unhappily still a long way from the era of universal peace which all people in this country so ardently desire. No one can predict with any degree of certainty the precise form that any future threat to our national security will take. In any national emergency, be it war or widespread disaster, there will be a vital need for organised and disciplined bodies of men, trained in the use of arms, and self-contained with means of movement and inter-communication. That is what the Territorial Army provides. With the Regular Army reduced in strength and with heavy commitments overseas, it is not difficult to foresee a situation in which our beloved country would depend for survival on the morale, the discipline, and the efficiency of the Territorial Army. I will leave it at that.—*Home Service*



# Britain and Japanese Economic Policy

By GEORGE BULL

**T**HE pact which Britain signed with Japan last week, for co-operation in the peaceful uses of atomic energy, was good news indeed for the British atomic industry. It was also good news for those who want closer commercial ties between the two countries. The British atomic industry was delighted for obvious reasons. Under the agreement, Japan will buy nuclear power equipment in Britain and will obtain British technical assistance. Immediately, the pact will lead to the building of an atomic power station in Japan, costing about £25,000,000, for which three big British groups will tender. Japan will buy the necessary nuclear fuel from Britain.

The Japanese decision to co-operate so closely with Britain in developing atomic power was not an easy one to take. The Americans were also in the field, with big resources and achievements to back them. The Japanese decided some time ago that Britain could produce a reactor which met their main requirements—safety, economy, and resistance to earthquakes. But up to the last moment there were obstacles which at one stage seemed very serious indeed. These concerned questions of finance and liability for accidents. Britain wanted to be free of responsibility for accidents that might be caused by nuclear fuel after it had been supplied to Japan. At last the Japanese authorities agreed that claims arising out of such accidents should be made through ordinary insurance channels. So the way was cleared for final agreement.

Generally speaking, Japanese economic policy makes news in the popular press in Britain chiefly when Japanese interests clash with ours. For example, we are sensitive to Japanese competition in export markets and, as the Japanese economy resembles Britain's in many aspects, this competition is often encountered. Moreover, many British manufacturers are hostile to the idea that Japan should be given more access to the British market itself. Rightly or wrongly, they are frightened that Japanese goods will flood the United Kingdom, and they are not slow to make allegations about Japan's unfair trade practices. The new atomic pact could change this state of affairs. It would probably be a good thing if it did, not least because on many matters—such as the effects of the American recession and the question of trade with Communist China—British and Japanese interests are in some ways close.

This is not to say that informed opinion in Britain does not pay attention to what is happening inside Japan. It does: the May elections in Japan, for example, were followed here with close interest. In British eyes, one of the most important aspects of the elections was the part played in them by the question of trade with Communist China. Even more interest is taken in the effect that the American recession may have in Japan. For here Japan, like Britain, is largely at the mercy of economic forces outside her own control; and Japan, like Britain, is in the position of having to wait and see how the American economy will shape during the remainder of the year before she can definitely decide the particular lines of her own economic policy.

## Mr. Kishi's Economic Problems

Mr. Kishi was returned to power and, to British onlookers, the Japanese picture seemed much as it was before. All the same, it is thought in Britain that Mr. Kishi's personal position—and that of his Government—is far stronger than it was before the election. It is also considered that he will need all this strength in tackling Japan's pressing economic problems. It is realised that he is a keen advocate of closer ties with the West and this, naturally, is welcomed.

If the American recession deepens Japan will be hard hit. Japan is heavily dependent on the American market. So far, it is true, there seem to have been few signs that events in America have seriously damaged Japan. Japanese shipbuilders may be worried about the continued slump in world shipping. On the other hand, Japan will probably again be the world's biggest shipbuilder this

year. On the surface, at least, Japan is still enjoying a boom. Retail sales are holding up, unemployment has risen only slightly, and the trade balance has been consistently favourable for five months. However, Japan, as a country which depends on exports for her livelihood, would be unable to escape the consequences of a prolonged American recession. Flexible domestic policy would do much to offset these consequences; Japan's prosperity nevertheless will basically depend on what happens in the near future in her export markets.

## Encouraging Exports

This means that one of the most important jobs in Mr. Kishi's new Cabinet is that held by Mr. Takasaki, the Minister for International Trade. He was in the recent past Mr. Kishi's roving trade ambassador in south-east Asia. He took office when economists were emphasising that Japan's basic problem is the need to stabilise her international trade. Much of this trade has been subject to severe fluctuations in the past. Japanese export successes have even been described as of the 'boom or bust' nature. Now the Government is trying to encourage exports to markets where demand will be both high and constant. So Mr. Kishi's Government is determined to extend and strengthen Japan's trading ties with the non-Communist countries.

Japanese commercial ventures in the Near East and South America have received a good deal of attention in London recently. They are signs of the Japanese desire to base the country's overseas trade as broadly as possible; and obviously this policy is a sensible, even an urgent, one. Only the establishment of secure exports will ensure that the country's foreign payments position, helped by last year's cutbacks in imports, will remain satisfactory. It is expected that by September, when Japanese imports will again have to be increased to meet industrial needs, the economy will face a real test. By then it may be possible to judge the success of Japan's current export drive. Unfortunately in this country, many export enterprises by Japan are viewed as a potential threat to British exports. Trade rivalry between Britain and Japan can and should act as a healthy stimulus to both countries. It has in the past aroused bitterness on both sides. It may be that the atomic pact now signed will mark the beginning of a new chapter in economic co-operation between Japan and Britain.

—*London Calling Asia*

The thirty-fifth edition of *The Commonwealth Universities Yearbook*, which is published by the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, price £4 4s. or £4 6s. 6d. by post, in its 1958 edition, has been enlarged in size and the format completely changed. The national sections are now arranged in alphabetical order and the entries for university institutions in dependencies of the United Kingdom, which were formerly grouped together as 'Other Parts of the Commonwealth' have now been separated and each entry placed in alphabetical order according to the country. Among other new features of the 1958 Yearbook are authoritative essays introducing separate countries, which have been contributed by distinguished academic writers such as the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Canterbury, New Zealand, and the Rector of the University of Bombay. There is an index containing almost 40,000 names. The book is an invaluable directory to the universities of the British Commonwealth.

*Everyman's Encyclopaedia* is being revised in a new twelve volume 1958 edition and Vols. I-IV are now available. Publication will be completed by November. While the set is in course of publication, the price is 21s. a volume; after completion of publication the price will be 24s. a volume.

*Adult Education Groups and Audio-visual Techniques* is the title of a pamphlet (*Reports and Papers on Mass Communication No. 25*), published by Unesco (price 3s. 6d.).



# The Listener

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## In Defence of the 'Provinces'

THE usual contrast offered by men of letters is between those who have been sucked into the capital, London, 'the Great Wen', and the supposedly idyllically happy dwellers in a village community. In a broadcast talk which we publish today (in which E. W. Martin's book *Where London Ends* is discussed) Mr. Norman Nicholson insists that this contrast is no longer valid. In the first place, the charge that London is the sole devourer of the countryside is no longer true. Other cities, like Birmingham and Manchester, have developed into minor copies of the metropolis with sprawling suburbs and outlying areas of former rural charm from which workers in the cities commute. On the other hand, the villages themselves are being overrun and many of them are becoming suburbs, the city man's residence in the countryside. Even those villages which are not within convenient reach of the big towns are places where the city man 'sets up his weekend cottage or builds a bungalow to retire in'. Mr. Nicholson expresses the opinion that 'if there were nothing but the village between rural England and the metropolis, rural England would be doomed'.

The real contrast today, it is therefore suggested, is not between London and the villages, but between the big industrial towns and the small country towns. People gather in the big towns to work because they are administrative, commercial, or shopping centres of one kind or another. But most of these city workers, when their day's toil is done, stream out again as fast as they can. Thus the suburbs have proliferated all over the countryside. Whereas Hampstead was once a typical suburb of London, today it may be Great Missenden or Weybridge. While the Manchester middle class once dwelt in Victoria Park or Withington, now they live out at Wilmslow or Alderley Edge. Thus the cities are filled with 'people who do not belong'; the towns, with their chain stores, super-cinemas, and quick-service restaurants display 'uniformity without unity'; they are patchworks lacking in personality, where nobody knows anybody else and does not much want to do so.

The smaller country towns, the market towns—so the argument runs—are different. Instead of being a set of uprooted men and women, without much local patriotism, and always in a hurry to get away, these smaller towns 'have retained those virtues of unity, of neighbourliness, of mutual self-reliance' which are so admirable in the country. They are full of families who have lived in them from time immemorial or of skilled craftsmen tied there by their skill in local industries. They have reason to boast a genuine regional pride; they need not be ashamed to possess what Mr. Martin calls 'a positive provincial outlook'. Of course, the big city dweller might maintain that this kind of argument cuts both ways. When one talks of social unity or 'belonging' one can equally think in terms of the 'cattiness' associated with the cathedral close or the Senior Common Room. Not everyone wants to 'belong'. The big cities are at any rate greater respecters of privacy and of the rights of the individual. Moreover a sense of belonging leads to snobbery, and it is common knowledge that in some parts of England the very feeling of unity leads to exclusiveness and unfriendliness which is distasteful to strangers arriving in ancient market towns either to work or to settle. No doubt Mr. Nicholson has drawn a suggestive contrast; but it is very easy to be romantic.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

SOVIET AND SATELLITE radio comment last week on the executions in Hungary attributed the strong critical reaction in the West to a desire to distract attention from such problems as the Lebanon and Cyprus, and to the desire to prevent a summit conference. A Soviet news agency note on President Eisenhower's press statement, broadcast by Moscow on June 18, quoted his remark that the executions endangered the possibility of fruitful talks with the U.S.S.R., and commented that 'the American ruling circles, disappointed by the exposure and the putting out of action of the reactionary agents of the imperialist Powers, are exploiting this fact as a pretext for a new exacerbation of relations with the socialist countries and new attempts to prevent a summit conference'.

On the day the news of the Hungarian executions broke, June 17, Moscow radio reserved its main comment for Mr. Khrushchev's letter to the Western heads of government and the Soviet suggestions for a summit conference agenda. The Moscow home service broadcast a despatch from its correspondent in London, Anatoly Gan, in which he said that British newspapers had not given prominence to the documents. 'This', he went on, 'is fully in accord with the line of official British propaganda, which seeks to lull the British public into the belief that preparations are in hand for convening a summit conference . . . concealing the reluctance of official British circles to take any realistic steps which would really speed it up'. Further evidence of this reluctance was the British Government's 'stubborn refusal to follow the example of the Soviet Union . . . in the matter of nuclear weapon tests, as well as its active participation in American plans for military intervention in the Middle East'. Mr. Macmillan's repeated expressions of hope for successful talks with the U.S.S.R. were contradicted by his insistence on 'imposing on a summit conference the discussion of questions not yet ripe for solution, which could only bring about its failure'.

The Soviet correspondent had no doubt that the publication of Mr. Khrushchev's message 'will make further manoeuvres by the opponents of a summit conference more difficult and enable the British public to understand who in fact is hindering the calling of such a conference'.

On June 18, the *Swiss Tribune de Genève* was quoted as saying: 'It is a strange coincidence that the announcement of the execution (of Mr. Nagy and his associates) was made at the same time as the Soviet Union's proposals for a summit conference agenda. This shows what the peace propaganda of Soviet Communism is worth. The U.S.S.R. proposes peace, but this peace smells of corpses'.

On Middle East topics, the situation in the Lebanon has been the main subject of comment. Cairo radio on June 16 emphasised that Western intervention would cause a world war or 'another Korea'. Reports on the actual situation concentrated on the fighting in Beirut, during which President Chamoun himself was said to have turned a machine-gun on the crowd from the roof of his house. Cairo home service's main evening commentary that day was largely directed against Mr. Dulles, as being the main architect of 'imperialist resistance' to the Lebanese people.

Beirut radio's output on June 16 included a broadcast by the Lebanese Premier, Sami es-Solh, in which he said that Cairo radio had reported the attack on his house four hours before it actually took place. He went on to accuse the United Arab Republic of supporting the Lebanese uprising by radio and press campaigns, money, arms, and infiltration. A Baghdad radio commentator on the same day complained that President Nasser's radio was attacking Iraq and accusing her of interferences in Lebanese affairs simply because she had appealed to the Arabs to stop killing each other.

An article in *Pravda*, quoted by Moscow radio on June 19, said that if the 'colonising countries' tried to implement their 'imperialist intentions' they would 'evoke against themselves forces with which they could not cope'.



# Did You Hear That?

## CLEANER AIR AND THE CLIMATE

THE REMAINING provisions of the Clean-air Act of 1956 are now in force, regulating the use of smoky fuels. R. G. VERYARD spoke about it in 'Science Review'. 'Throughout the years', he said, 'the smoke and sulphurous gases from the fires in our homes, the ash and acids from our factory chimneys, the smoke from railway engines, have blackened our buildings, caused serious loss of life and, in general, have been a source of enormous financial loss to the community—a loss amounting to millions of pounds every day. As a climatologist, I particularly welcome the coming into force of the remaining provisions of the Clean-air Act.

'But what are the effects of atmospheric pollution on our climate? Perhaps the most well-known effect is the reduced transparency of the air to radiation from the sun, and, of course, to artificial light also. Even in a fairly small industrial area like Leicester the ultra-violet part of the sun's radiation is reduced to one-third of that received in the clean, open countryside. In regard to illumination, or shall we say daylight intensity, it is known that the centre of a large town may receive as little as half of that received outside the town. Indeed, on a really bad day in London, nine-tenths of the daylight is lost because of smoke.

'As for sunshine, our records in the Meteorological Office show that over London there is an average loss, due to smoke, of about 100 hours in the three winter months and about 300 hours for the year as a whole. There is also little doubt that atmospheric pollution is responsible for a greater incidence and greater persistence of thick fogs in built-up areas than in rural areas.

'Meteorologists in many countries have contended that, in industrial areas, the rainfall—especially the number of days of light rain or fine drizzle—is as much as 10 per cent. higher than in the neighbouring countryside. The explanation advanced for this is that the innumerable smoke particles assist the formation of minute cloud droplets of varying size, and that as the result of coalescence these cloud droplets grow large enough to fall out as light rain. We have examined much data in the Meteorological Office to see whether we could find such an effect in this country, but, for the large industrial areas, we have not been successful. Maybe in the vicinity of our huge "black spots" the smoke particles are too widespread. We did note, however, appreciable differences between town and countryside in the case of rather small and isolated urban areas, such as Lincoln and Bedford.

'One particularly interesting effect of atmospheric pollution is attributed to carbon dioxide. It is said that the warming which has taken place in north-west Europe since the beginning of the century is due to a man-made increase in the carbon dioxide content of the atmosphere. The argument is that because carbon dioxide is almost completely transparent to the sun's radiation and is partly opaque to terrestrial radiation, there is a "greenhouse effect", that is the carbon dioxide acts as a heat trap—allowing the temperature of the air near the surface to rise above the level it would attain if there were no carbon dioxide in the air. The more carbon dioxide, the bigger the rise in temperature. But this is a theory that has yet to be proved.

'Valley sites for pollution areas should be avoided because it is in valleys that fogs and therefore "smogs" accumulate. First thoughts would also suggest that because wind dissipates the smoke particles, pollution sources should be sited downwind of the prevailing wind—generally south-westerly. But the matter is not so simple as this. When we have what meteorologists call a low inversion, that is a shallow pool of cool air lying on the surface with warm air up above, there is little air movement to help get rid of the smoke, and such air movement as there is may be quite different from the prevailing wind direction. In London the air



Smoke pouring from factory chimneys in Sheffield—typical of conditions in industrial areas before the provisions in the Clean-air Act for regulating the use of smoky fuel came into force

Hulton Picture Library

movement beneath a low inversion is generally from an easterly point, so on such occasions the west side of London gets all the smoke from the east side but because of its enormous suburban areas—and domestic smoke is as bad if not worse than factory smoke—whether the drift of air be from north, south, east, or west, thousands are going to suffer in smoggy conditions, anyway. Let us hope that the Clean-air Act will soon improve matters'.

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TOWN PLACE

'According to some people', said RONALD WHITEMAN in 'As It Happened' (West of England Home Service), 'Town Place was the Cornish name for any compact group of farmhouse and buildings, but the general opinion seems to be that there had to be, in addition, a stretch of public road, two gates, and a dog. Unfortunately, car-drivers and gated roads do not mix and so, when I first knew Cornwall, about thirty years ago, Town Place had already almost disappeared.

'It was essential to the design of Town Place that the highway should pass between the farmhouse and the farm buildings and should be gated at each end. This was no great hindrance to horse-drawn traffic and provided the farmer with a convenient cow-yard. In a county of rather plain granite buildings, the tone of Town Place was set by the strip of garden that separated the farmhouse from the road.

'As far as I was concerned, the presiding genius of the place was the dog. He hardly changed at all from farm to farm and he was of the long-legged, longish-haired, cattle type. He greeted strangers silently with a fixed stare and his tail looked as if it had never wagged since puppyhood. He was a morose dog, embittered by years of unrelieved sentry-go. But he knew his duty and did it. If the gates were open, you would find him waiting for you fifty or 100 yards from the farmstead and he would escort you through it to an equal distance beyond. There was, in fact, a legend that where town places were reasonably close together the dogs would hand wayfarers over from one to the other like relay runners with a baton.

'I was town-bred and hardly accustomed to the genteel countryside around London, and so for me there was something unnerving about the traverse of Town Place. The dog, always padding with silent menace a couple of paces behind, would close up to perfect



nipping distance on the home stretch and between the gates it seemed as much as the seat of my pants was worth to wander far enough from a straight line to avoid the natural obstacles of a cow-yard.

'Thirty years ago Town Place had almost disappeared and it was confined to the unfrequented, untarred secondary roads. Today, I do not know of one. But if the gates are down and the dog has gone, the buildings are often still standing and the road follows its old course. For instance, on that most-frequented of tourist roads—between Lands End and St. Ives—there are two or three places where the road turns and narrows between the solid granite walls of farm buildings, runs smoothly across the old yard, and then twists sharply out again on its undulating way'.

### HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

'As a foreigner', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, the B.B.C.'s Washington correspondent, in a talk in the Home Service, 'you rented this house in a Washington suburb; vaguely you noticed it had a garden; nice for the children, you thought, and not being a gardener you thought no more. And the rains came, the way they do here, and beat upon that garden like perpendicular stair rods, and the frosts came, the way they do here, and bit that garden with their sub-zero teeth, and the snows came and blanketed that garden four-feet deep like an exaggerated Christmas card. By the time the summer sun came and started scorching it off with a blow-torch, you had nothing but eroded badlands supporting a few rank patches of weed, and scornfully frequented by the neighbours' dogs; while all around you, the be-seeded, be-weeded, be-hormoned borders of your neighbours bloomed with the abundance of a catalogue.

'The neighbours themselves came to spy out the nakedness of your land, and were terribly nice about it. "It's an impossible climate", they said; or "Better luck next time". But you read their thoughts: "Foreigners", they were sighing; or "Always the same with rented homes". And you were left alone in your shame. That is, you *were* left alone until this blessed springtime of 1958; and now not one but three gardening firms are offering you the salvation you did not deserve: an infallible flower garden that you unroll like a stair carpet, or a strip of wallpaper, to cover your shortcomings.

'For \$3, \$4, or \$5, according to the firm you patronise; you get a roll of fibrous matting, one foot wide and eighteen feet long; and then, in the words of one of the advertisers, you "roll it out, water it, and watch it grow". For embedded in it are 3,000 special seeds, all super-sensitive to light, while their fibrous environment is described as combining the qualities of natural mulch, organic aids, and peat moss. In four to six weeks' time, you are promised a spectacle hitherto seen only in the coloured calendar-pictures of Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon. In the words of the advertiser: "A veritable carpet, blazing with colourful flowers of fifty dazzling varieties including petunias, zinnias, marigolds, verbena, phlox, foxgloves, dianthus, carnations, larkspurs, chrysanthemums, Canterbury bells, and oriental poppies".

'It is pointed out you do not have to use this flowering strip all

in one piece; you can cut it with scissors into decorative layouts for the lawn—"initials, shapes, or figures", says one advertiser. You do not have to indulge in arduous tilling and hoeing, because the fibrous carpet suffocates the weeds beneath. Neither rain, wind, nor birds can rob you of your seeds, and you will have an exciting display, says the tempter, that friends and neighbours would give their green thumbs to own'.

### THE 'FLOOD' AT ALDEBURGH

'I will not say "Noye's Fludde" has got everything but the kitchen sink', said ARTHUR JACOBS in 'Today'; 'it has everything including tea cups, six of them, played as a percussion instrument. I listened to the first performance of this new work of Benjamin Britten's at Orford Church in Suffolk as part of the Aldeburgh Festival. I suppose you would have to call "Noye's Fludde" an opera, if you can imagine such an oddity as an opera designed to be staged in a church. It is a musical setting of a fourteenth-century Miracle Play from Chester, which tells the story



A scene from 'Noye's Fludde', a setting to music by Benjamin Britten of the Chester Miracle play, presented at the Aldeburgh Festival by the English Opera Group assisted by a chorus and orchestra consisting of children from Suffolk schools

of Noah's embarking in the Ark and of his surviving the flood. In Britten's musical version nearly all the parts are taken by children: Shem, Ham, and Japhet, their wives, the animals in the Ark, and so on; in fact the only adult parts are for Noah, Mrs. Noah, and the Voice of God. The orchestra, too, needs only a few professional adult players, the rest is designed to be simple enough for children to play. There are prominent parts for recorders, the hand bells, and for a team of buglers, jolly good buglers they have got, too. The tea cups are the only freak instrument in the piece; they represent at first the tinkling of drops of rain. The whole thing is obviously designed so that all musically minded children can feel it really is music for them.

'The audience is not left out of "Noye's Fludde". Three well-known hymns are inserted into the piece and the audience joins in. One of these hymns is "For those in peril on the sea". People who know Britten's earlier Cantata "St. Nicholas" will recall that there, too, he brought in some hymns for the audience to sing. I ought to mention that although Britten has kept the old medieval spelling of the title the opera is sung for the most part in the modern pronunciation.

'Britten himself is the chief figure of the Aldeburgh Festival, and he was in the church to hear his first performance. It was soundly conducted by Charles Mackerras, and brilliantly staged by Colin Graham who showed us Noah's Ark being built before our very eyes. Owen Brannigan was a fine-looking and fine-sounding Noah, and the Voice of God came nobly from Trevor Antony. The children were delightful without being show-offs. Children's dancing can often be an embarrassment, but I lost my heart to little Maria Spall who had a solo dance impersonating the dove sent out to test the weather. The child instrumentalists did very well, too.

'Britten has kept the tunes deliberately simple, and I am bound to say that at the beginning the whole thing struck me as lacking the musical depth we look for in an opera. But later in the work—and the whole thing takes less than an hour, by the way—the music seemed to take control and it really held me. "Noye's Fludde" is a welcome idea, cunningly and charmingly worked out'.



# The Human Story Behind Atomic Science

By H. C. LONGUET-HIGGINS

**T**HE publication of Dr. Robert Jungk's book, *Brighter than a Thousand Suns*,\* prompts one to reflect on one of the most fascinating of contemporary studies, the human story behind the development of atomic science. The purely factual side of the story is reasonably straightforward; the neutron was discovered in 1932, nuclear fission was first recognised just before the second world war, and the first atomic bombs were exploded over Japan in August 1945. These bombs were, however, mere fireworks compared with modern thermonuclear bombs, which have now been successfully tested both by the Western Powers and by Russia.

## Inhuman Perversion

But how did we drift into this nightmare? How has it come about that some of the most beautiful discoveries of modern physics have suffered such inhuman perversion? What can have been in the minds of the atomic scientists when they lent their knowledge and skill to the development and construction of these appalling weapons of war? Is it possible to understand in human terms the motives that directed these men and the hopes and fears that led them to prostitute their science, as it now seems they did? These are the questions that a historian must consider, and to which Dr. Jungk has applied himself.

It is all too easy to find fault with any work of contemporary history. It would demand superhuman objectivity to rid oneself completely of all bias in writing of events that are still taking place and of whose consequences we are still profoundly afraid. Furthermore, it is almost impossible, in writing of international events, not to allow one's judgement to be coloured by patriotic loyalty, however conscientiously one may recognise this danger. But although there are traces in Dr. Jungk's book of a forgivable patriotism (he himself is a German), the book is on the whole creditably free from national prejudice and gives the impression of having been written by someone deeply concerned to tell a true story. Dr. Jungk, though himself not a scientist, has been at pains to interview the leading atomic scientists in the Western countries, not only his scientific compatriots but also those who were involved, directly or indirectly, in the Manhattan project. He has made careful and intelligent use of the abundant records and, where possible, has obtained independent accounts of certain key conversations that took place in the early stages of the war, when the scientists still held the political initiative.

## Discovery of the Neutron

It was the discovery of the neutron in 1932 which really marked the birth of the Atomic Age. This discovery was made by the British scientist James Chadwick, who was at that time working in the Cavendish Laboratory under Rutherford. Actually, few scientists at that time realised the immense significance of this discovery which placed in the hands of physicists a means of access to the sources of energy locked up in the atomic nucleus. Strangely enough it was not until six or seven years later that the neutron was successfully used to bring about the fission of heavy nuclei, but scientists in several countries, including Leo Szilard and Paul Langevin, expressed grave misgivings as to the possible consequences of the discovery. Langevin in 1935 attempted, in a somewhat unconventional manner, to console a student of history who had been turned out of Germany with the words:

You are taking it all much too seriously. It won't be long before Hitler breaks his neck like all other tyrants. I am much more worried about something else. It is something which, if it gets into the wrong hands, can do the world a good deal more damage than that here-today-and-gone-tomorrow jackass. It is something which—unlike him—one will never be able to get rid of. I mean the neutron.

In 1938 and 1939 Joliot-Curie in France and Hahn and Meitner in Germany released the genie from its bottle. These scientists showed, in fact, that the neutron can release on the microscopic scale fantastic amounts of energy when it impinges on the nuclei of radio-active elements. This discovery opened the serious possibility of producing atomic explosions on a grand scale though it was not yet clear that the technical problems could be overcome. Szilard and his friend Weisskopf attempted to obtain agreement among the relatively few scientists concerned that they should not publish their results, but the French scientists were unwilling to accept this proposal on the grounds that their discoveries would be a valuable advertisement for French science. Szilard and his friends thereupon turned their efforts to impressing the American Government with the importance of the latest atomic discoveries and their possible implications in the field of war.

This part of Dr. Jungk's story is undoubtedly incomplete, in that he makes little or no mention of the initiative taken by the British scientists, and the part that they played in launching the Allied atomic-bomb project. But in one respect at least his story rings true. It seems reasonably certain that those scientists who were instrumental in persuading Roosevelt to develop an atomic bomb never imagined for a moment that the Allies would actually use the bomb unless Hitler used one first. Albert Einstein, for example, who allowed his name to be used in the first approaches to President Roosevelt, was horrified when later the first atomic bomb was dropped by the Americans.

## Constructing the First Bomb

In point of time it was not until 1942 that work was begun at Los Alamos on the actual construction of an atomic bomb. The project was put into the hands of the American Army, under the military direction of General Groves and the scientific leadership of J. Robert Oppenheimer. Dr. Jungk gives vivid portraits of these two men and the strange collaboration between them. We see Groves as an intensely practical, unimaginative, blustering but warm-hearted individual who regarded his scientific subordinates as a bunch of lunatics who must somehow be persuaded to accept military discipline and kept out of political mischief; and Oppenheimer as the brains behind the project with an unequalled gift for commanding the loyalty and devotion of his colleagues. The scientific culmination of the project was, of course, the explosion of an experimental bomb over the desert of New Mexico. Its impact on the scientists was stupendous. Oppenheimer, who was in the control room at the time, says that there flashed into his mind a passage from the Bhagavadgita, the sacred book of the Hindus: 'I am become Death, the Shatterer of Worlds'. General Groves expressed himself less poetically in the words: 'The war is over now. One or two of those things and Japan will be finished'.

This was in July 1945. The first atomic bombs were dropped on Japan less than a month later. It will probably never be known in detail exactly how this decision came to be made, though it was, of course, President Truman who took the ultimate responsibility. Dr. Jungk suggests, by the way, that Japan was already on the point of capitulation at the beginning of August 1945, and this fact was known to the State Department. If this is true the dropping of the bomb becomes an event of even more dubious morality than it seemed to many of the scientists who were engaged on the project. Their misgivings are enshrined in the memorandum which afterwards became famous as the Franck Report. This Report was forwarded by seven Chicago scientists to the Secretary of War on June 11, 1945. After drawing attention to the appalling power of atomic weapons, they forecast with devastating accuracy the international armaments race which would immediately follow the dropping of an atomic bomb, and

\* Gollancz and Hart-Davis, 21s.



made tentative suggestions as to how the new power might be brought under international control. But events had already gained too much momentum for such humanitarian considerations to prevail. Not to exploit the success of a billion-dollar project was a psychological impossibility, and the voice of conscience was quickly silenced.

### German Side of the Story

The German side of the story is less interesting if only because less sensational. Dr. Jungk gives the impression that the German scientists, led by Heisenberg, refrained from constructing an atomic bomb because they were afraid of what Hitler might do if he got hold of one. This interpretation of events in Germany does not altogether tally, however, with the story told by Sam Goudsmit, the Dutch physicist, who was put in charge of the so-called Alsos mission whose job was to follow the Allied armies into Germany and capture the German atomic scientists. Heisenberg, von Weizsäcker, Hahn and some others had been deported to England and were already in captivity when the Americans exploded the first atomic bomb over Hiroshima. Concealed microphones recorded the reactions of the German scientists to the news of this event, so that we have a verbatim account of their conversations. These records make it clear beyond any doubt that Heisenberg and his colleagues refused to believe that the Americans had succeeded where they had failed, so one feels inclined to suppose that it was technical pessimism as much as moral compunction which prevented the Germans from developing their own atomic bombs. In this section of the book one detects symptoms of patriotic prejudice in Dr. Jungk's story, and there are one or two other signs that the author has believed too readily what he was told.

Taken as a whole, however, the story which the author tells is both moving and fascinating. The ordinary man's idea of a scientist is of someone with a single-track mind, in relentless pursuit of knowledge wherever it may lead, regardless of social consequences. Dr. Jungk is not content with such a superficial view. Surely, he asks himself, even scientists are human, and he goes on to produce abundant evidence that they are. If the essence of tragedy is the disastrous but inevitable consequences of ordinary human actions, then the history of the atomic scientists has all the elements of high tragedy. There would have been no surer way of ruining its dramatic impact than to moralise, to deal in might-have-beens or ought-to-have-beens, but only occasionally does the author fall into this pit.

After the war, Heisenberg is reported to have said that 'in the summer of 1939 twelve people might still have been able, by coming to mutual agreement, to prevent the construction of atom bombs'. On this Dr. Jungk comments:

Heisenberg himself and Fermi, who were undoubtedly included among the 'twelve', ought then to have taken the initiative. But they let the opportunity go by. Their powers of political and moral imagination failed them at that moment as disastrously as did their loyalty to the international tradition of science. They never succeeded in rendering their thoughts and actions appropriate to the future consequences of their invention. Nor had they, in that critical situation, enough confidence in the legacies bequeathed by the past of their profession.

### An International 'Order' of Scientists?

But then, as if ashamed of this Olympian judgement, the author quotes a remark which Carl von Weizsäcker made after the war to the effect that 'the fact that we physicists formed one "family" was not enough. Perhaps we ought to have been an international Order with disciplinary power over its members. But is such a thing really at all practicable in view of the nature of modern science?'

If there is one thing that stands out from Dr. Jungk's account it is the utter futility of attempting to pass a collective judgement on the atomic scientists as a body. One can scarcely imagine two people more different than, for example, Robert Oppenheimer and Edward Teller, two of the principal participants in the story: Oppenheimer, the charming, sensitive, brilliant polymath, pulled in opposite directions by conscience and political ambition; and Teller, the temperamental, impulsive, impatient, *enfant terrible*,

who excited as much fear as admiration in his scientific colleagues. As for Oppenheimer, it seems only yesterday that we read of the proceedings in which this distinguished scientist was subjected to a security grilling by the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission. Probably never before has any scientist or group of scientists been exposed so ruthlessly to public view. How many men holding positions of such responsibility would survive public dissection with as much dignity as Robert Oppenheimer, I wonder? Before passing judgement it is becoming to attempt a sympathetic understanding. Surely the only appropriate attitude to take is that of Rabi, himself a Nobel Prize winner, whose evidence at the security proceedings included the following remarkable, if incoherent, utterance: 'This is what novels are about. There is a dramatic moment and the history of the man, what made him act, what he did and what sort of person he was. That is what you are really doing here. You are writing a man's life'.

It is far too easy in this scientific age for us to lay down the law as to what sort of person a scientist ought to be, and in what sort of way he ought to behave. One fashionable view is that the scientist should mind his own business, that he should devote himself to his subject and not meddle in social or political matters which he does not understand. Another common view is that he should tread the path of discovery with the utmost caution, seeing clearly at each step where his knowledge leads, so that he may prevent unscrupulous generals or politicians from abusing the results of his work.

### Superficial Doctrines

These superficial doctrines are, of course, totally inadequate for real human situations. What is a man to do if he knows something deep and dangerous and suspects that this knowledge may also be in the possession of unreliable or unscrupulous people? This is exactly the dilemma that presented itself to our scientists at the beginning of the war and which still faces us in 1958. The easiest course would have been to dissociate oneself entirely from the perversion of science in the hope that one's colleagues in the enemy countries would do the same. But would this be the most responsible decision? If not, should a scientist in a democratic country trust the wisdom of his war leaders, and help them exploit his discoveries in the hope that the new weapon would never be used offensively by his own side? Or would such trust betray a childlike innocence in political matters? Ought it not to be clear to a responsible person that effective weapons are never left to rust in an armoury, and ought he not deliberately to suppress the possibility of their development? At this point we move into an ethical storm centre, where loyalty to science and humanity becomes national treason. Woe betide any scientist who, like Klaus Fuchs, stands in the path of this particular tornado.

In reading *Brighter than a Thousand Suns* we enter, by privilege, into the personal lives and thoughts of real human beings faced with the fearful and inescapable dilemma of knowledge and responsibility. We see them as people of extraordinary intelligence, but otherwise very like ourselves, with all the faults and idiosyncracies that distinguish one individual from another. In a sense they are responsible for what has happened to us all, and in a sense what has happened could not have been otherwise. We may approve or disapprove of this or that action or decision, but it ill becomes us to blame these men for our present troubles. We cannot disclaim the scientific knowledge they have given us; it belongs to us all, and it is our fault if this knowledge is not properly used.—*Third Programme*

Two recent books on New Zealand are *They Came to New Zealand*, by Marjorie Appleton (Methuen, 30s.), an account of the country from the earliest times up to the middle of the nineteenth century, with fifteen half-tone plates and three maps, and *This New Zealand*, by F. L. W. Wood (Hammond and Hammond, 21s.), which is a factual up-to-date survey of life in New Zealand today, by the Professor of History at Victoria University College, Wellington.

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One of the latest additions to the Oxford University Press' World Classics is *Richard Hakluyt, Voyages and Documents*, selected with an introduction and a glossary by Janet Hampden (8s. 6d.).



# Oxford in Politics

By JOHN SPARROW

THE reader will be disappointed if the title of this talk has led him to expect even a hint of political propaganda or controversy; but perhaps it is as good a heading as any other for a series of contrasts and similarities between eighteenth- and twentieth-century Oxford that suggested themselves to me as I turned the pages of a new book: *Georgian Oxford*, by Dr. W. R. Ward, a learned historian of Manchester University\*. It is a scholarly account, based on innumerable pamphlets and manuscript records, of the part played by Oxford University in national politics during the eighteenth century.

The book interested me particularly because it is about Oxford, and a character that figures largely in it, Dr. George Clarke, was a Fellow of my own College of All Souls, and built the house I now live in and gave it to the College to provide lodgings in perpetuity for its Wardens. Clarke was an important man in his day: he was a connoisseur—or, as he would have called himself, a virtuoso—who made a fine collection of books and pictures; he was also a Member of Parliament for the University and he was secretary to Prince George, the consort of Queen Anne. In uniting in his person two sides of life, the academic life and life in the world of affairs, Clarke represented a tradition which his College still preserves.

In those days the University was far more actively concerned with politics and more deeply interested in them than it is today. Everyone, it is hardly too much to say, had a practical interest in politics; not only in university politics—who should be elected

to the various college and university offices—but the larger politics of the nation. Reading Dr. Ward's book, one sometimes wonders whether the dons in those days had anything else to do but to intrigue.



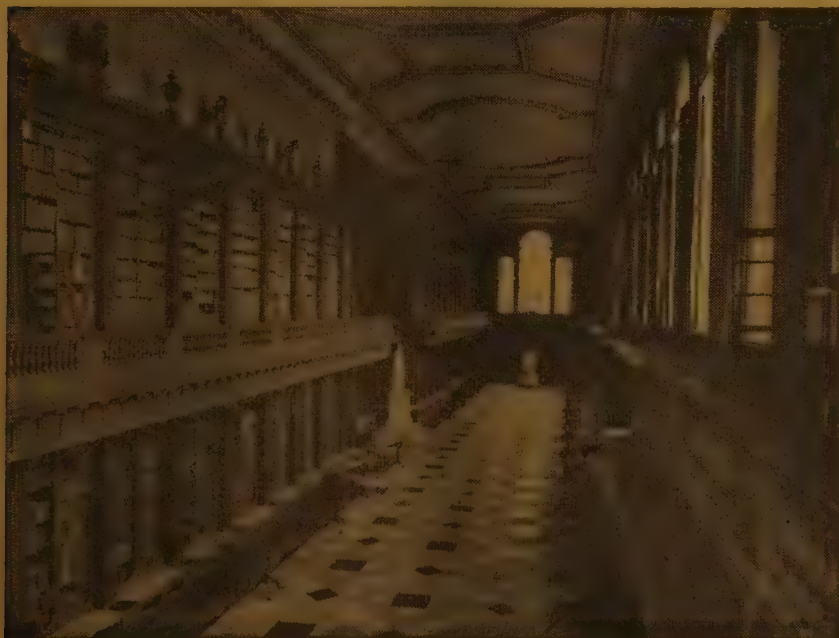
All Souls College, Oxford: the Hawksmoor Quadrangle—

A. F. Kersting

Then, too, university and national politics were inextricably intertwined; the men in whose hands lay the government and administration of the country, in Parliament, on the Bench, and in the Church, were all university men. And the Church bound the whole together—not merely by Acts of Uniformity and Subscription, but by patronage: 'places', not only college livings but other and more important positions in all walks of life, were filled from the universities, and the choice of those who were to fill them was in the hands of university men.

'Politics' in those days meant the struggle for influence and for place, and not the conflict of ideas and principles. Principles, certainly, were at stake: Toryism, for instance, was a creed, not merely a set of club rules; and loyalties, not merely personal or local, entered into politics. Oxford, as is well known, was a home of Jacobitism—neither the first nor the last of its lost causes. But when we think of the meaning of politics in the nineteenth century, when new ideas about the whole basis of society were ruthlessly applied, with devastating practical effect, to existing political institutions; or even today, the age of struggle between democracy and totalitarianism, Nazi or Soviet, in the world at large, and individualism and socialism within this country, the contrast is plain enough.

Now jump a hundred years, to the middle of the nineteenth century. In the interval there had taken place that great complex of changes which we call the Industrial Revolution. England was a new world: and with the coming of the railway Oxford was only



—and the Codrington Library

Architects' Journal



an hour or so away from the metropolis. Yet, paradoxically, Oxford was far more remote from London than it had ever been when the journey took you the best part of a day—or in winter a couple of days—by coach. For, in that changing world, Oxford had been left behind.

### Clerical Celibate Community

Oxford in the eighteen-forties was still a clerical celibate community, in which unmarried clergymen held fellowships for life. The 'monks of Magdalen', whose sloth and ignorance Gibbon had a century before castigated (and, I must say in their defence, had much exaggerated), still survived. The main interests and the main controversies within the University were still ecclesiastical; Oxford was still a bulwark of orthodoxy and reaction. It is true that reform was in the air even in the University: an honours system of examination had been instituted; one or two colleges were becoming real centres of intellectual activity; political matters were beginning to engage the interest of undergraduates in the Union Debating Society; windows were beginning to open upon the outside world and the light of Liberalism was filtering in—much to the alarm of Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey. An Oxford man of the time said:

By 1846 [ecclesiastical] controversy had worn itself out; the *ferrea via*, or railroad attracted even the clergy more than the *via media* [of the Tractarians]. Instead of High Church, Low Church, or Broad Church, they talked of high embankments, the broad gauge, and low dividends: Brunel and Stephenson were in men's mouths instead of Dr. Pusey or Mr. Golightly; Mr. Hudson [the railway king] was in the ascendant instead of Dr. Faussett; and speculative theology gave way to speculations in railroad shares.

The result of this new attitude and atmosphere was, inevitably, university reform. The two great University Acts of 1854 and 1877 were passed. For better or worse, the ecclesiastical tyranny was broken; gone were close fellowships and life fellowships; the number of professors was increased; research was endowed. Reform had won the day; the University was on the march; the question was, which road would it take? The road of research and the pursuit of knowledge, or the road of education and the formation of personality? Each had its champions, and the two champions were both reformers, both liberals, both heads of colleges. The champion of learning was Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln; the champion of education was Jowett, the Master of Balliol.

In the end, education won the day: learning came off second best. Pattison's dream of a university on the German model, where learned professors lectured to eager and specially selected students, a vast institute for the accumulation of knowledge, the employment of intellect, and the development of ideas—this dream never came true. Instead, Oxford became in the main an educational institution. 'We must educate our masters', said a far-seeing statesman when the Conservatives brought in their great extension of the franchise in 1867. The result was a series of Education Acts: elementary schools to educate the new electorate. Side by side with this the universities set themselves to train the administrators, the civil servants, and the Members of Parliament on whom devolved the task of governing and administering this new world.

### Practical Problems for Today

That is how it is today. Oxford and Cambridge and the other old universities, and the newer universities which have sprung up during the last century, are only in the second place homes of learning; their chief concern is to supply education to the ever increasing thousands from all social classes who demand it. I am afraid that the quality of education supplied is bound to deteriorate almost in proportion to the increase in the number of people to whom you supply it. And the meeting of the demand raises great practical problems, at any rate for the older universities. Are we to have more students in each college? But the colleges are crammed to overflowing. More colleges in the university? But you cannot go on adding colleges without diluting the character of the university. More universities, then? Yes: but how can we afford the vast capital expenditure involved?

However that may be, the demand is there and must be met.

How, you may ask, has it affected Oxford's relations with the outside world? Oxford—and I think this is true of all British universities—though no doubt it has less direct concern with politics today than it did in, say, the eighteenth century, is today more closely integrated with the general life of the nation. I am not thinking of the dons who spend so much time on television or the wireless giving the British public the benefit of their superior wisdom; nor am I thinking of a few bearded undergraduates taking polls of each other's opinions on world affairs. I simply mean that, for better or worse, we are all, as Sir Winston Churchill said in another context, getting mixed up together; and a university which contains, both in its dons and in its undergraduates, a typical cross-section of most of the country, and through which thousands of young men (many of whom have two years' National Service) pass every year, could hardly keep aloof from or unaware of the outside world, even if it wished to.

But there are two colleges in Oxford which might be thought to be in danger of becoming academic backwaters, for both of them are on the Pattisonian model, for they exist primarily for advanced research, and having no undergraduates are not replenished annually by a fresh intake of young men. Both of them maintain a peculiar link with the outside world by reserving a certain number of non-resident fellowships for non-academic persons.

One of these is a new college which has been created for that very purpose; a purpose laid down in its statutes and implied in its constitution: Nuffield College, to which the Duke of Edinburgh presented its charter a very few days ago. In addition to its research Fellows Nuffield has a dozen or so visiting Fellows, who include the chairman of Lever Brothers, an ex-Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, a banker, a trade union leader, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority, the Director of Chatham House, a member of the present Government—Mr. Reginald Maudling, and an ex-Home Secretary—Mr. Herbert Morrison. Thus Nuffield College enables a picked body of men of experience in politics and affairs to put that experience at the disposal of the University, and at the same time it gives these men of the world the benefit of (shall I say?) the civilising influence of their academic colleagues.

### A Misunderstood College

The other college that fulfils a function of this kind is All Souls. But whereas Nuffield was founded with this end in view, All Souls has assumed the function without intending it, almost without knowing it, in the process of time. The constitution of All Souls is not always understood by people who talk or write about it. The traditional picture of the College, which you will find in old-fashioned books about Oxford, is of a collection of Life Fellows, chosen for birth and social gifts rather than for intellectual ability—*bene nati, bene vestiti, mediocriter docti*—well-born, well-dressed, and moderately learned. This was a true picture before the sweeping reforms of the last century. It is no longer true today. Today no Fellow of the College holds his fellowship for more than seven years (except Professor Fellows, who hold during their term of office). One of the old Life Fellows, who was elected before the reforms I spoke of and retained his Fellowship as a vested interest, was still alive, the sole survivor, when I was myself elected about thirty years ago. He would come up to College occasionally from his country living at Adlestrop in Gloucestershire, and he seemed to us younger Fellows to be an entirely blameless person, innocent of all guile and indeed, I might add, of all intellectual pretension. An even older Life Fellow, Garnier, would amuse his colleagues with reminiscences of his early life. He remembered, as a young man, having actually set eyes upon Napoleon. The impression had never faded, but was as distinct and clear as on the day he first received it: 'It was easy to see', said Garnier, 'that he was not a University man'. For better or worse, we have no Life Fellows today.

Nor are our Fellows chosen nowadays for birth or, indeed, dress. Apart from the Professor Fellows and a number of senior researchers who are elected for distinction in their chosen fields of learning, all the Fellows of All Souls first entered the College by means of a competitive examination. The examination is a stiff one, and it is intended to test both promise and achievement, both



general intellectual ability and proficiency in the candidate's own chosen subject. Normally, two Fellows are elected each year from a field which consists mainly of Oxford undergraduates who have recently done well in their final examinations.

Some of the successful candidates devote themselves to academic work. Others, after a year's residence in College, which is compulsory for all, go out into the wider world and try their luck at the Bar, in politics, in journalism, in business, or enter the Civil Service. A limited number of these 'outside' Fellows are re-elected on the expiry of their original seven-year Fellowships, and continue as a sort of Visiting Fellow (with a nominal stipend of £50 a year).

### Distinguished Fellows

There is another class of Fellowship, open to persons of general distinction. These Fellowships are the highest honour that the College can offer. The holders of them, like the '£50' Fellows, fulfil the function of linking the College with the outside world which is performed in Nuffield College by its Visiting Fellows. These unpaid 'distinguished' Fellows play a full part in the corporate life of the College; they attend college meetings and serve on the various committees which administer its affairs; and for many of them the College is a sort of second home which they visit as regularly as their working life permits them. It was this class of Fellow that I was thinking of when I said that George Clarke, the eighteenth-century academic virtuoso who was also a Secretary of State, represented a tradition which his College still preserves. This feature of the College has not escaped criticism—criticism which is not always well informed. I was amused to read in a daily newspaper the other day a couple of articles on 'The Establishment' which devoted a good deal of space to All Souls. This is how the writer, a journalist, explained what he called the 'significance' of the College:

All Souls is unique among Oxford colleges, [in that] it reserves ten fellowships for persons who have attained distinction in all walks of life. . . . A study of its present constitution, a perfect cross-section of the establishment, reveals the ramifications of this exclusive dining club. The table groans with influence. These Men of Distinction have loads of patronage in their pockets.

He proceeded to name some of the Distinguished and Honorary Fellows of the College, not omitting to mention the schools where they were educated and the clubs to which they belong. His list is certainly impressive—it includes a former head of the Civil Service; a director of Lloyds Bank; a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary; a distinguished publisher; a bishop, and two ex-Ambassadors to the United States. Of one of these last, the journalist significantly said, 'as Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury he has a powerful say in Whitehall appointments'.

The impression conveyed was that the College was rather like

the colleges in the unreformed days of Dr. Ward's Georgian Oxford—a nest, if not of corruption, of 'influence' in the worst sense of the word. I think this was the impression that the writer intended to convey, for he headed his article 'Influence—the strings are long in the old boy network'. His idea evidently was that All Souls stretched its tentacles into the outside world and took to itself men of distinction and position, so that it could make use of them in order (I suppose) to conduct intrigues about how best to support 'The Establishment'.

What the writer omitted to mention—perhaps he did not know it—was that every single one of the distinguished men he mentioned had entered the College by the hard intellectual way, by examination as a very young man in his early twenties, long before he had achieved any success or position in the world. I blushed as I read the list not (as the writer of the article intended) for shame at the College's snobbishness, but in pride at its shrewdness in selecting by examination at an early age some of the best brains of each Oxford generation.

The picture of the College so painted lacks proportion. For these 'distinguished' Fellows are only half a dozen out of a total of fifty. The primary purpose of the College is, after all, research, and most of its Fellows devote their time to learning, writing and teaching at other Colleges. The branches of learning covered by the College are very varied, and among its Research Fellows, apart from the Professorial Fellows, are historians, philosophers, and scholars of great distinction; it would be invidious to mention names. And its fields of study stretch from oriental philology to modern Hungary, from Greek epigraphy to the Elizabethan age, from Spinoza to Choiseul, and a couple of days ago we extended our field of research significantly; we made a new departure: for the first time for something like 300 years we elected a scientist to a Fellowship, a distinguished member of the Royal Society who has won world-wide fame as a geneticist.

### All Shades of Opinion

Nor is the College quite such a reactionary body as seems to be suggested. I have made no statistical inquiries about the religious or political opinions of its fifty members; I have never instituted an opinion poll; but I suspect that in politics and other matters of opinion the left wing is at least as strongly represented as the right. Among our ex-Fellows, it is true, is Lord Hailsham; but among them also is Mr. Douglas Jay, a prominent member of the last Labour Government. Neither of them was elected for his birth and neither (I may add) for his dress. Three of our junior Fellows spent their Easter on the road to Aldermaston. I do not think they walked all the way, and I do not quite know why they went there; but I am sure they would repudiate, and repudiate rightly, the suggestion that they were in any sense representing 'The Establishment'.—*Third Programme*

## Where England Begins

By NORMAN NICHOLSON

I AM going to start with a conditional: although I want to discuss the relation between London and the rest of England, that does not mean that I want to abolish London. That needs to be said, because I come from a small provincial town, and when someone like me dares to criticise London, the Londoner puts this down to envy and a sense of inferiority; just as when a Londoner criticises the provinces we put that down to pride and short-sighted self-importance. This condescension on one side and resentment on the other suggest that something has gone wrong with the relation between the two, that something is out of balance between capital and province. The capital, which should be the head and heart of the nation, is becoming more like the belly, swallowing up the wealth and vitality of the country and putting on suburbs like layers of superfluous fat. Nor is this the case with London alone. The large provincial cities, too, like Birmingham and Manchester, are gulping down

half the surrounding shires. Each of them is developing into a minor metropolis, a little London.

For what, in human terms, is a metropolis? It is a city of strangers. It is a conglomeration where each man has personal knowledge, perhaps, of no more than one in a thousand among all the others. It is a herding together—and this is specially true of the suburban areas—of people who do not belong, who feel no vital connection between their lives and the place where they live. Millom in Cumberland, where I come from, stands where it does because of the iron ore in the limestone; Burton-on-Trent stands where it does because the Triassic Period left deposits of gypsum which give a certain chemical composition to the water. So that the people of these towns can relate both their lives and their livelihood to the local geology, to the basic stuff of the rock on which they live.

But the metropolis, whatever may have been the original reason



for its foundation, goes on growing, goes on accumulating, merely because it is there. It bears no real relation to the land. If you could skim it off the surface of the earth with a huge ladle-spoon and slap it down a hundred miles away, the inhabitants would scarcely notice the difference.

In the metropolis—and especially in the new, minor metropolis, like Birmingham or Manchester—man has mass-produced his own environment, destroying the local characteristics of the land. Yet the result is uniformity without unity. For this enormous mass of human beings does not form a whole. It splits into groups and factions and classes and zones. Within each separate zone the people may belong to the same class, earn much the same income, talk alike, think alike. But from zone to zone there may be hardly any communication. They speak different dialects; they dress differently. So that instead of the city being a weaving together of all the varied strands of human personality, it is a patch-work in which the separate patches do not match. The parts do not cohere; the centre cannot hold.

Those who live in the metropolis are often aware of all this; and if, in spite of it, they still enjoy living there, why, they ask, should that worry those who do not? Fundamentally, of course, it should not. As I said, we do not want to abolish London: but we do suspect that London wants to abolish us, or that it is going the way to do so, whether it wants to or not.

For we are being bombarded by a perpetual propaganda. We are being conditioned into the belief that metropolitan life is the only life that matters. The idea is suggested to us from our very earliest years. When I entered a room as a small boy my grandmother would ask if I had ever been to London. Whereupon I had to go back and close the door which I had left open behind me: they did not forget things like that in London. Much of our education, our entertainment, our news-service, brings before our eyes a picture of life in the mass-city. Advertising magnifies that picture until it fills the bill-boardings of the mind. Life elsewhere, it is implied, is merely second-rate. People are tricked into trying to copy what they have been persuaded to admire; and the more they copy, the more second-rate they become, the more they are dissatisfied with their own ways and setting.

So the countryside is depopulated. The villages envy the towns, and the towns envy the cities. The young people of the small towns are made to feel almost as if they were strangers in their own homes. The hills and fields and woods begin to look alien to them; the streets are made to seem intolerably mean and dreary. They loiter round a tenth-rate *café*, trying to squeeze out of a juke-box one or two drops of the gaiety which they feel has been denied them. They are not so much fish out of water as fish trying desperately to get on to land. English culture is becoming half-starved because of the dilution of local traditions by the bottled slop of the metropolis.

The great danger of this is not just that it will reduce life in every part of the country to much of a muchness, but that it prevents the provinces from carrying out their own special function, which is to balance the metropolis, to provide a counterpoise. For when they do provide this counterpoise, the incoherence at the heart of the over-large city becomes far less harmful to the nation as a whole. If the centre cannot hold them, the circum-

ference must: as, indeed, it can. For provincial England is reinforced and cross-girded by a pattern of local communities, in each of which you can still see that basic structure of human society which is lost sight of in the mass-city. You can still see the soil out of which the food comes, and the rock out of which the ore comes. You can see how one trade depends on another, one job on another. In the market towns the shopkeeper depends on the farmer for his trade, the farmer depends on the mechanic for his repairs. In the industrial towns the blast-furnace man depends on the miner for ore, on the quarryman for limestone, on the collier for coal. In both market and industrial towns you can feel obligations and responsibilities riveting together craft and craft; family and family.

Above all, you can see that this structure is made up not of classes or groups or unions but of men and women, known personally and liked or disliked as persons. No man, in a small town, is thought of merely as a member of a class, a brick in a wall.

He is recognised to be a brick in a number of walls. The chairman of the Co-operative Society may denounce the retail grocer as petty bourgeois, but he is glad, all the same, to see him bowling his leg-breaks in the mid-week cricket league.

The people of the small town are not bound together by shared opinion. There will be as much disagreement among them as there is in a city and a good deal more argument. They are bound together because they have grown up together. They have

been moulded by the same environment, shaped by the pressure of the same local events. If the town is really small, they will all have attended one or other of the same half-dozen schools: for few children go to boarding schools and those who do rarely return. They will all—at least in childhood—have worshipped in one of the same dozen churches or chapels, and the alliances then formed will persist for years, even though they may never set foot in a church again. They will be bound together, also, by a complex grid of family relationship which takes next to no account of differences in class. During the course of two generations cousins and second-cousins may move a good way apart in the social hierarchy. In the city they would probably live in different suburbs and in different social strata. Poor relations can be hidden away there like a guilty past. In the small town they all have to live side by side.

The people of the small town are part of a growing trunk, where each generation adds its new ring of experience and where memories draw food from the past. That is where the strength of provincial England is to be found, and that is what is threatened by the spread of the metropolis.

These thoughts have been roused by reading *Where London Ends*, a challenging new book by E. W. Martin.\* The title is taken from a poem by G. K. Chesterton in which he speaks of '... the place where London ends and England can begin'. This book, which deals largely with the country market town, is Mr. Martin's second long study of English provincial life since 1750. The first, called *The Secret People*, dealt with the village.

Mr. Martin believes—and I agree with him—that the village by itself is no longer able to withstand the metropolitan spread. If there were nothing but the village between rural England and the metropolis, rural England would be doomed. But there is also the country town, and the country town with its long tradition



The market place, Wigan, c. 1740

Hulton Picture Library



of sturdy and even obstinate independence can put up a much stronger resistance.

Mr. Martin makes much of the 'sharp distinction between the uprooted and overgrown metropolitan or industrial town . . . and the provincial city or country town which has given form and encouragement to the life of a definable area in unbroken sequence from ancient times'. These latter towns have always acted as minor regional centres, serving the countryside with an astonishing multiplicity of trades and crafts. Mr. Martin quotes from W. G. Hoskins the case of Market Harborough, where, at one time, in addition to the usual professional men,

. . . there were bakers, . . . blacksmiths, booksellers and printers, boot and shoe makers, braziers, builders, butchers; brewers, maltsters, wine and spirit merchants, inns and taverns; plumbers, glaziers, painters, cutlers, seedsmen, tanners, coal merchant, flax-dresser, hairdresser, and a veterinary surgeon. . . .

That is only about half, and all in a town of fewer than two thousand inhabitants. Such variety, such a full backward and forward two-way traffic of interdependence, can never, perhaps, come again. Yet Mr. Martin maintains that much of the old vitality and mutual self-reliance can be regained by these towns if they are organised into regional groups. The isolated small town cannot stand up to the compulsive persuasion of the metropolis. But the region, if it can be re-established, may well have the scope, the resources, the economic power, and the prestige to survive. Local customs, local crafts, local scholarship and literature, local ways of speech, humour, sport, religion, architecture, agriculture, trade, and so on—all these take on a new dignity when they are seen as the persistent personality of a wide area. The region, with its own capital, its own university, its balance between industry and agriculture, may be able to put a stop to the encroachment of the metropolis, may be able to maintain something, at least, of that variety of character which has belonged to the English people since the time of Chaucer.

That is the solution as Mr. Martin sees it. How to make it work is, of course, the job of professional planners, and I do not want to say much about that now, though I cannot forget that one of the troubles about regional planning is that it is hard to



A Worcestershire market-town: Evesham from the bridge

*Hulton Picture Library*



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define boundaries. They interlock and overlap in a most embarrassing way. Too often, what looks on the map to be excellent reorganisation merely means that the man who reads your gas-meter has to travel twenty miles to do so instead of two. But, leaving aside questions like that, I feel that Mr. Martin puts too much responsibility on the country towns, the agricultural market centres, as distinct from the industrial towns. For the problem of provincial England is not that of industry versus agriculture, or urban life versus rural life. It is that of the mass-city versus the integrated smaller town. Whether the latter depends on agriculture or on industry does not seem to me, in this case, to matter.

I do not want to imply that Mr. Martin is opposed to industry. He knows that today we must live by what we manufacture. He is ready to admit—with a picturesqueness of phrase unusual for him—that 'industry must be spread about like muck if it is to yield full return'. But I do not think he realises how much the smaller industrial towns have retained those virtues of unity, of neighbourliness, of mutual self-reliance, which he finds so admirable in the country. The division between industry and rural England is, after all, comparatively recent. The Industrial Revolution began in the villages and small towns. The collieries of Durham emerged, in the first case, as industries that were essentially rural. So did the iron mines of north Lancashire; so did the textile towns beside the waterfalls of the Pennines. They relied, as in a different way the farmer did, on the rock for their crops, on the rivers for their power, on the climate for the conditions necessary for their work. Their people were bound together, almost like the serfs in a medieval village, by dependence on the land and on one another.

This rural inheritance has not yet been lost. Two years ago there was published an excellent sociological study, by W. M. Williams, of the village of Gosforth in West Cumberland, which is only about twenty miles from where I live. Until recently Gosforth had been one of the most isolated spots in England, entirely agricultural and with little contact with the industrial



world. Yet when I read of the customs and habits and prejudices of the people of Gosforth, I was astonished to find how much they resembled those of my own town—a town which has never been anything but industrial, which never had any village existence at all.

But there is also another aspect of industry. It was—as Mr. Martin says—‘a scarifying of the earth’. That phase, we hope, is passing away. The power source of the future will not be the coal-mine but the atomic pile. It is possible nowadays to build new industrial towns which will be clean, compact, and open to the air and the sun; towns which will not be a blight on the countryside around them. In the nineteenth century, when industry still was a blight, Charles Kingsley was able to look forward with astonishing optimism. He could write of ‘a complete interpenetration of city and country, a complete fusion of their different modes of life, and a confirmation of the advantages of both’.

Something of that sort, I believe, is possible, though I should hate it to be as ‘complete’ as Kingsley seemed to envisage. But it will not be achieved by setting up sham country residential estates, by designing garden suburbs, by putting a rural fancy-dress round people whose lives are city centred and city controlled. It will be achieved, if at all, by creating communities which can be grafted on to the land like a new apple on to old stock. The old communities, the country market towns, will remain, carrying out their old functions. Beside them will be the new industrial towns—still, in their own way, country towns, yet towns which

will represent the growing edge of our society. Such towns must have a touch of adventure about them. They must be able to attract the better brains among the younger men and women. One of the disadvantages to the older type of town is that the better brains are creamed off by the grammar schools and sent to college and universities and are rarely recalled. So that the educated people—the clergy, the teachers, the local government officials and the like—are almost entirely strangers, off-comers, while the town’s native products have gone off to be strangers somewhere else. If the small towns are to revive, we must find a way of using home-produced brains.

But neither this, nor any other of the plans suggested, will be of much use unless we can rouse what Mr. Martin calls ‘a positive provincial outlook’. There is, I suppose, an ambiguity in that phrase which will amuse some people. I do not think it need worry us. Let the Londoner go on using the word ‘provincial’ in a derogatory sense if he wants to—it is perhaps one of his compensations for having to live in London. But the man from the provinces must no longer be ashamed to call himself provincial. He must not be ashamed of those differences of tradition and speech and environment which mark him off from the people of other regions. He must be proud of being what he is and of being where he is. For such pride, rightly cultivated and rightly understood, can save this country from becoming a swamp of standardised mediocrity; can help to see that, whether London ends or not, England will go on beginning.—*Third Programme*

## The Irrelevance of the Church of England\*

By A. C. MACINTYRE

**T**HE Church of England can be seen as many things: as part of the Catholic Church, where the Word is preached and the sacraments are administered; as a body of like-minded believers, just as in the Rationalist Press Association, or the Lord’s Day Observance Society; or as the expression of the religion of England. It was partly because it once seemed to some people—including the first Queen Elizabeth—to be the last of these things that it became an established Church. I want to argue that because it is no longer so it ought to cease to be established.

### Land without a Religion

The Church of England does not express the religion of England any more, simply because England no longer has a religion. I do not just mean by that that most people in this country no longer believe in the supernatural in any very explicit fashion. I mean that we lack any shared symbols through which our common fears and hopes could be expressed; and that we lack any shared moral convictions to which such symbols, if we had them, could give living expression.

I am, of course, understating my case. Sometimes one hears discussions of the question: When did the Church of England lose the mass of the English people? I think the question ought rather to be: Did the Church of England *ever* contain the mass of the English people? If any religious movement ever caught and held the minds and consciences of Englishmen, it was not Anglicanism, but the radical tradition of non-conformity. There was a time when Methodism was established in parts of this country, in a sense that Anglicanism never was. But it was at least true at one time that England did have a common religious and moral life that the Church of England could have expressed, even if it was one that it failed to express. There could have been one established Church, a Church that embodied in its life the moral standpoint of most Englishmen. There cannot any longer, for there is no common moral standpoint.

If it is said that this last statement is an empirical contention and one which could only be backed up by an extensive social survey, the answer is that when I talk of a common moral standpoint I am talking about something which, if it were present,

would be abundantly evident, would not need research to discover. I do not doubt that in this country there is widespread agreement in condemning murder and theft, just as there is widespread disagreement on capital punishment, divorce, and nuclear weapons. What I am equally certain about is that these clear agreements and disagreements take place against a background of a larger confusion in our moral thinking. Few of us are able to say to what criteria we ought to appeal in making up our minds; the commonest moral sentiment in public houses and senior common rooms alike is a vague goodwill. Where classical nonconformity found clearly formulated principles in its Bible, where Bentham and James Mill had the test of utility, we have a miasma of inherited muddle. The Church of England, as it exists at present, is able neither to evade nor to cure this moral disorder.

One symptom of its irrelevance is the way in which the Christian year has ceased to provide festivals which will celebrate the substance of ordinary life. Christmas and Easter, let alone Whitsunday or All Saints’ Day, are breaks in our national routine, not renewals of our common life. For we have not any common life. England is not any longer a moral community. It would be exaggerating to say that the English are merely a lot of people who happen to live in the southern part of Great Britain; but this is the condition towards which they tend.

### Established Church as a Sham

In these circumstances to have an established Church is to have a sham. When the Church speaks, it speaks with the voice of an isolated and unrepresentative minority group. This is no objection to the Church speaking and speaking firmly. But it is an objection to the Church pretending that it is anything else but a minority group. And it would minister to common honesty on these matters if the Church were disestablished. For the establishment of the Church of England means that even if the Church cannot express the conscience of the community it does express something else, other than what God has revealed to it. What it expresses is the conventional passions and prejudices of the established social order. The Church of England is the Church of the ecclesiastical insiders. And by being this it helps to conserve and to propagate the official myth that fundamentally this is a healthy

\* The fourth of five talks by different speakers on the Church and England



united community. In fact, if my argument is correct, we are suffering from a deep moral sickness. I say nothing about its causes; later on, I shall try to describe some of its manifestations. As a member of the Church of England, I am concerned that in this situation the Church should be effective in its mission, and to that end should not cherish the illusion of a moral integrity which just is not there.

### What Ought an Established Church To Be?

At this point in the argument, my central contention that the Church of England does not incarnate the common life of England needs to be expanded. What, after all, *ought* an established Church to do and be? First of all, it ought to be an accepted part of the ordinary life of ordinary people, exceptional perhaps among institutions, but having its recognised place in the service of the avowed needs of the community. Contrast with this ideal, for example, the unhappy state of the Anglican Church in nineteenth-century Ireland, when it was the established Church. For it in no way served the needs of a predominantly Roman Catholic community and it was isolated from the real hopes and fears of most Irishmen. In many ways, the Church of England today resembles the Church of Ireland as it used to be. It is not accepted and it does not serve our common needs. Secondly, an established Church ought itself to be a bond of union in the community. But the beliefs of the Church of England are beliefs on which this country is fundamentally divided. Many interests and concerns unite different groups within the country—work, art, sport, politics. Religion is just one more item in a list of this kind. And like some of the other items, it divides as much as it unites. It puts forward views on such matters as marriage, which are anathema to some people. It is just one more particular interest of some people, of some of the religious people. The Church of England is a sectarian body, just as much as is the Society of Friends.

Again, an established Church ought to be able to speak to the community at large with a recognised authority. Here the Church of England fails in two respects. I do not think that there is any real doubt as to what the Church of England believes. It is all there in the prayer-book. But the legal position of the Church of England and its tortuous history have combined to leave many people unclear as to what authority the Church of England claims and where the voice of that authority is heard. This is as true of many within as of those outside the Church of England. Both groups share in our contemporary moral uncertainty.

One result of this is that when a moral issue is posed which divides the nation, such as the Suez crisis or the hydrogen bomb, it divides the Church of England too. In the Church, as in the nation, the response to a moral issue seems normally to be an intuitive leap in the dark. The nation lacks even a common moral vocabulary, and the Church of England is in no better state than the nation.

A consequence of this is that moral argument in our society is usually a case of shouting across a gulf—that is, it is not argument at all. And while there are many organisations, such as the national newspapers, which make it their business to urge one course of action or another, there is no organisation which offers to ordinary working people and to intellectuals alike a setting in which they can learn how to discuss moral issues in a more consciously aware and rational way. But our moral crisis is not merely a matter of an inability to conduct arguments. It is manifest much more fundamentally in our inability to give any shape to our own moral lives. The type of dilemma that faces us is as follows. On the one hand we are confronted by a large set of moral issues, above all the contemporary versions of the problems of war and sexual relations. On the other hand most of us adhere to a set of exceptionally high-minded, but extremely general, moral principles. The difficulty is that we do not know how to connect the principles and the problems. How does one apply such beliefs as that one ought to alleviate suffering or uphold the dignity of the individual to the concrete problems of nuclear weapons or free love?

The difficulty with moral principles as general as ours is that their very generality makes them unspecific. With sufficient ingenuity you can enlist them in support of any and every solution to any and every problem. It was not always so with

moral problems. There have been times when men were better able to connect problems and principles because their morality had two aids which are denied to us. First, their morality had point only against the background of a total conception of human life. That we are travellers in this world, as Christian is in *Pilgrim's Progress*, that God set us here for certain ends, that obedience to his expressed will is a sure moral guide: these are beliefs which lend a shape to life, which make it not just one problem after another. They rest on a belief in a divine revelation which was once general in our society but is now the faith of a small minority.

But the second factor which is lacking in our morality has no necessary connection with supernatural religion. At the centre of Aristotle's ethics there is a portrait of the good man. Such portraits, often in far more detailed terms than Aristotle's, have played a key role in the history of morality. For if we are given a picture of a man whom we can recognise as exemplifying goodness, we can make the first steps towards bringing moral principles and moral problems together, and this in two ways. Knowing how to approach a moral problem is a matter of knowing how, not a matter of knowing that. We may know that this principle or that principle is a right one, and yet be totally inept at applying them. And sometimes a man may know how to solve moral problems but be very bad at formulating intellectually the principles on which he is acting. Knowing how to approach moral problems is a matter of being the right kind of person. And perhaps the first step towards becoming the right kind of person is to have one's imagination captured by an image of what one ought to be and can be. Such a picture of the good man as we can be given by the novelist or the biographer may be more to the point than any explicit moral teaching.

Examples of the use of such pictures abound. The reading of the lives of the saints by Catholics is one. Another is the Victorian biography of the struggle of the self-made engineer or business man, usually written for schoolboys. Every age has its type of moral heroism; every age, that is, except our own. For we lack any conception of what positive goodness that was effective in contemporary terms would be like. We have our heroes, our Niemollers, our Huddlestons. Note of them that they are men who found the courage to say 'No'. They named the evil in corrupt societies and fought against it. But we lack heroes in our time who have been able to say 'Yes', who have shown us how to express in contemporary life what Dr. Leavis has called, in another context, 'a vital capacity for experience, a kind of reverent openness before life, and a marked moral intensity'—of qualities of that sort, our imaginative life is empty.

### Contrast with the Soviet Union

We can contrast our situation usefully with that of the Soviet Union. Critics of Soviet writing have often and rightly criticised the banality and the triteness of the stock figures of virtue of the Soviet novel. The engineer who defeats sabotage and bureaucracy and finds ultimate consolation for his separation from the Comsomol girl-secretary in the statistics of tractor production is a thoroughly inadequate image of human moral aspiration. But our trenchant criticism of the inadequacy of such images perhaps conceals an uneasy consciousness of the fact that our images are not similarly inadequate only because we lack any positive picture of contemporary virtue. If one looks no further than what is fashionable in art and letters one discovers at best protest, at best a looking backward and forward in anger.

There is then neither in the art nor in the life of our society any shared moral consciousness such as the established Church could express in its witness, let alone one which it does express. You may want to object to all this that if the establishment of the Church of England were as unjustified as I am contending, then this could be obvious to everyone and there would be a widespread demand for its disestablishment. Clearly there is no such demand. Why not? The answer to this question is to be found by asking another. What difference would it make to our society to disestablish the Church of England? The answer is plainly that it would make scarcely any discernible difference at all. It would be absurd to make a great fuss about disestablishing the Church of England because fundamentally the changes in our

(continued on page 1058)



# NEWS DIARY

June 18-24

## Wednesday, June 18

Ministry of Defence announces that more troops are to be flown to Cyprus

Lorry-drivers at Smithfield vote to return to work

Agreement is reached between busmen's union and London Transport Executive on a formula for settlement of strike

## Thursday, June 19

The Prime Minister announces new British plan for Cyprus

London busmen's delegate conference recommends strikers to accept new terms and to return to work

Bank rate is again reduced by a half per cent. to five per cent.

## Friday, June 20

London bus strike ends after seven weeks

Archbishop Makarios says that new British plan for Cyprus is unacceptable, but suggests bilateral talks between Britain and the Greek Cypriots

Sir John Cockcroft and Sir William Penney are to take part in next month's talks in Geneva on nuclear disarmament

## Saturday, June 21

Greek Government rejects Britain's plan for Cyprus

United Nations Committee on Hungary issues statement deploring execution of Mr. Nagy

An Arkansas Federal Court judge rules that racial integration at Little Rock High School can be suspended for two-and-a-half years

England wins second Test Match against New Zealand by an innings and 148 runs

## Sunday, June 22

Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, replies to criticisms in Greek- and Turkish-Cypriot press about new plan for the island

Mr. Hammarskjöld has talks with President Nasser in Cairo

Dr. Jagan, Minister for Trade and Industry in British Guiana, arrives for discussions in London

## Monday, June 23

Programme for atomic development in Europe is published by American Government and Euratom Commission

Dr. Nkrumah says that he intends to declare Ghana a republic

Russians demonstrate against Federal German Embassy in Moscow

## Tuesday, June 24

Governor of Cyprus flies to London for discussions with Government

Archbishop Makarios refuses invitation to attend Lambeth Conference

Federal German Government protests to Russia about demonstration in Moscow



General de Gaulle driving to a ceremony at the fortress of Mont Valerien, outside Paris, on June 18, the eighteenth anniversary of his historic call to the French people to continue to resist the Germans. Earlier, at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior at the Arc de Triomphe, the General had lit a symbolic torch which was carried to the fortress



Stonehenge by floodlight: the stones are to be illuminated each night throughout the summer

Last week, observers, M seen in the Minister, an and Mr. Ed photograph by exp

The Queen Ascot last w





Arrival in the Lebanon of the first of a team of United Nations observers. U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, the United Nations Secretary-General, flew to Beirut. He is second from the left with Mr. Sami Solh, the Lebanese Prime Minister, on his left, and Mr. E. M. Aronson, of the United Nations team of observers, on his right. The lower part of the Prime Minister's residence in Beirut after it had been damaged by a violent outbreak between the rebels and the Government.



Edinburgh driving down the course on the second day of Royal Edinburgh Show. In the foreground are the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Beaufort.



The first London bus to return to service after the settlement of the seven-week strike, leaving Riverside Garage, Hammersmith, late last Friday night.



A 100-foot totem pole, a present for the Queen from the people of British Columbia, Canada, to mark the centenary of the province, being unloaded at Surrey docks last week. It will be erected in Windsor Great Park and formally presented to Her Majesty next month. The totem pole was carved by a chieftain of the Kwakwaka'wakw tribe of Indians out of a single log of cedar from a tree said to be 600 years old.



(continued from page 1055)

society have already disestablished it. But while disestablishment might make very little difference to the nation disestablishment might have a beneficial effect on the Church by making churchmen better aware of their true position in society.

I have scarcely touched on theological issues in this talk. All I have wanted to do is to place the discussion of the situation of the Church of England on a realistic plane. And to do this it has been necessary to try to see the Church against the background of what is an essentially secular, even if an essentially bewildered society. I have spoken of our moral puzzlement, but

every social survey that touches on religious matters reveals our even more widespread religious puzzlement. To the great questions put by religion, and, more particularly, to the great question put by the Christian religion, most people in our society do not know what answers to give. The Church can at most speak to people of this kind, but equally certainly it cannot claim to speak for them. The Church of England cannot be the Christian commonwealth at prayer. For the Commonwealth is perhaps not even a Commonwealth; and it certainly does not pray.

Some theologians have held that the Church ought never to be established. I think their

arguments ill-founded for there are times when the life of the society and the life of the Church stand in so close a relationship that the constitutional establishment of the Church merely registers what is already a social fact. But there are also times when the life of the Church and the life of society are driven apart. This is such an age, and, because it is so, to disestablish the Church of England politically would only be to make explicit in political terms the realities of the situation. For, as our society is today and as the Church of England is today, the establishment of the Church only helps to conceal the irrelevance of the Church to the moral problem of our society.—*Third Programme*

## Gardening

# Genistas and Rock Roses

By F. H. STREETER

THE genistas form a very large group of shrubs closely related to the brooms. There are dwarf and prostrate plants a few inches high as well as tall varieties, up to twenty feet. They are a beautiful sight when in full flower. There are so many varieties of genistas suitable for garden decoration, no matter whether it is in the shrubberies, the woodland garden, wild garden, rockeries, dry banks, or against walls. The particular variety I have in mind is *Genista Lydia*. It has deep yellow flowers in May and June, which last well into July. It grows into a well-formed, rounded bush—just the very plant for covering a large stone on the rockery. Planted on a dry bank it is superb, or along the top of a dry wall.

The variety *Lydia* grows from two feet high to five or six feet across, according to the richness of the soil. To get that rich, deep yellow colour in the flowers give the plant a really sunny position and rather poor sandy soil.

I should think genistas or brooms are about the easiest plants to raise from seed. They vary from white ones down through the yellows to crimsons and reds. For a named variety you must take cuttings, but they root easily if taken off in late July or August, dibbled in sand in a hand light or frame, and they generally start making their roots in the following spring. But rooted plants as a rule grow less than seedlings, and thus are more suited to confined spaces.

One mistake often made with these strong-growing seedlings is to let them get too tall at the start. Do not be afraid to shorten the growths to get a bushier plant. You would also be well advised always to grow them in pots as they hate any disturbance at the root. Plant them out in their permanent position and leave them there. There is no doubt at all about their being worthwhile plants for general garden decoration. Plant in groups rather than in single lines—three or five in clumps amongst other shrubs will make all the difference to the look of the



*Helianthemum 'Jubilee'*, a rock rose whose double flowers are 'canary yellow with light red streaks running through the petals'

garden and give you added pleasure. You can plant out any of the *genista* family whenever you wish, as long as they are grown in pots. Put a small stake to the young seedlings to keep them firm, though that is not necessary with varieties like *Lydia*.

Many gardeners do not seem to realise the beauty and usefulness of the rock roses—or *helianthemums*. Perhaps it is because of their being cut by our hard frosts, though several varieties will stand up to twenty degrees of frost without damage, especially the double kinds. They are low and compact, often covering quite a wide area, and are evergreen in various shades of green. The flowers are like small roses with five petals and three or five sepals.

To see rock roses at their best they should be planted on a sunny bank in poor soil and facing south. They also make a good edging on to stone or paving where a dwarf flowering shrub is asked for. The rockery is especially suitable. Each flower lasts for only a day, but to see these little plants with hundreds of flowers open at once in the sunshine is delightful. The flowers start opening just after the spring display is

over and while the summer plants are getting established, thus providing colour without a break.

The majority of varieties grow from twelve inches to twenty-four inches, according to the richness of the soil. Poor soil gives you a more dwarfed growth and more flower. One of the loveliest is called 'Jubilee'. It is a double, canary yellow with light red streaks running through the petals. The double varieties keep open longer than the single ones. 'Mrs. Croft' is a rich, rose pink with a scarlet blotch at the base of the petals; nice spreading habit and greyish green foliage, 'White Queen' is what one would call a paper white with primrose centres—a lovely contrasting variety and very compact. 'Bengal Rose' is most distinct in colour, really a rose red, brilliant and most effective.

You can easily raise a batch of cuttings every year. Give them a little bottom heat in a frame and use rather soft growths. Allow them to get well rooted before disturbing. August is about the best month for rooting them. You can also take off seed pods and raise a batch from seed. They germinate easily and will soon give you a good stock.

After the flowers are over, give the plants a trim over with the shears to keep them shapely and healthy. You can plant them out of pots at the present time. This will allow them time to make up good flowering plants for next season. Do not worry if you see a few open flowers on these tiny shrubs when you purchase them; that is only their anxiety to show you what they can do.

*Helianthemums* are ideal plants for a new garden where the builders have left some of their sand and broken bricks. They are not in the least particular what they have to root into, but be sure to plant them in a sunny position.

—*Network Three*

*The Tranquil Gardener*, by Robert Gathorne-Hardy, illustrated by John Nash, has recently been published by Nelson, 25s.



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## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

IT is quite difficult to paint a non-Euclidean abstract picture entirely without a hint of imagery: even if objects with specific shapes, like heads, vases, apples, eyes, mountains, flowers or sexual organs, are not evoked, there is likely to be a suggestion of something amorphous like clouds or the sea. In recent years there has been a decline in the number of abstract painters who sulk if one is tactless enough to mention that something in one of their paintings reminds one of some natural phenomenon; painters have become reconciled to the fact that painting is more like poetry than music—that the excitement aroused in us by the sight of a certain arrangement of forms and colours, seen as such, is less analogous to the excitement induced by musical sounds than to that induced by the sound (or shape) of a poem before we have recognised in it signs for familiar things, and that the deepest satisfaction to be had from a painting, as from a poem, derives from our finding the stuff of ordinary life, transformed, in the special life of an aesthetic structure.

On the other hand, it is possible for an abstract painting to gain in strength precisely by excluding suggestions of nature when the language of the painting makes it almost inevitable that involuntary suggestions should occur. Indeed, much of the work of the best living abstractionists, Rothko, Kline, and Hartung, has got this peculiar strength. The strength derives from the very fact that there is a negative suggestion of nature (there is no such strength in a Mondrian or a Malevich), that we feel that nature should have crept in but has somehow been kept at arm's length: our pleasure is the pleasure of being cheated, of finding that the expected thing has not happened. But it must be emphasised that this pleasure depends on our assumption that the painting is going to be enriched by allusions to nature.

Among abstract painters of younger generations than Rothko and Kline and Hartung—but also in many of their contemporaries—the trend has been towards not only the acceptance but the cultivation of imagery. 'From the gesture the artist makes on the canvas an image may appear, not as an irrelevance but as a completion of his activity'. Thus Lawrence Alloway, in his introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition of 'Abstract Impressionism' which is on view at the Arts Council Gallery until June 28. 'Abstract impressionism' is the name

that has been given—and it is one of the few really apt labels that any recent style or movement has had—to one of the most widespread of current tendencies in painting.

The revival of interest in Monet [writes Alloway] has coincided with the emergence of abstract impressionism. The connection between impressionism and the new painting lies not only in the painting of light but also in the

by de Staël, Masson, Tal Coat, Hitchens, Kinley, Lanyon and others, which are based on quite another concept and method.

It simply will not do for Alloway to write that 'in abstract impressionism nature does not have one simple role'—that it can be either a point of arrival or a point of departure, and that, if a point of departure, the source may be 'a particular spot' or 'a general sum'—what-

ever allowances are made for the fact that the relationship between the artist and nature is more involved and ambiguous today than it has ever been before. Ambiguity has to stop somewhere short of total vagueness, somewhere short of the pronouncement that 'allusions to nature, though important, are not allowed to disrupt the autonomy of the paint'.

Oddly enough, the well-meaning vagueness of Alloway's theory of abstract impressionism is consistent with the character of the paintings themselves—I mean the ones which belong within the narrower scope of the term. The imagery has so loose and general a relevance to nature that no tension is set up be-

tween the life of the work itself and that of the natural phenomena which it evokes: the feeling for nature communicated is sentimental (as feeling in art must be when it is not sufficiently particularised).

The allusions add nothing to the works and, paradoxically, we are led back to the marks on the canvas to find value in these paintings, precisely as if they were out-and-out abstractions. And it is here above all that these paintings fail, with the exception of the early Francis and the Bernard Cohen. The forms and colours on the canvas are mannered, flabby, and effete. One thing that gives unity to the exhibition is that this could also be said of most of the paintings in it which are not strictly abstract-impressionist.

To go from here to the retrospective show of Alan Davie at Whitechapel is like going from a reading of Georgian lyrics to a performance of a Shakespeare tragedy. In at least three large paintings, 'The Birth of Venus', 'Altar of the Moon', and 'Seascape Erotic', paintings in which the eloquence of the paint and the eloquence of the imagery vie with each other, interact with each other, in exhilarating and disturbing us, are the richness, the mystery, the vehemence, the sensuousness, above all the generosity of great romantic painting.



'Seascape Erotic', 1955, by Alan Davie; from the retrospective exhibition of his work at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

use of conspicuous paint to refer to nature. The spectator must recognise simultaneously the physical events on the surface of the picture and the references to something apart from the picture, the lily ponds in the case of Monet. Later impressionist landscapes are often on the edge of turning into paint; conversely in abstract impressionist pictures the free, sensual paint, liberated by action painting, turns into landscapes all the time.

We have here a perfectly adequate description of, for example, the famous 'White Paintings' of Sam Francis (one of which is on exhibition), a description which defines a major difference between Francis and Mark Rothko, from whom Francis' work seems to have stemmed. But Alloway, both in his text and in the choice of works which he has made in collaboration with Harold Cohen, proceeds to include within the canon of abstract impressionism not only painting in which 'the free, sensual paint, liberated by action painting, turns into landscapes', but also painting in which the artist has tried to convey his sensation of a particular landscape and used 'free, sensual paint' in a manner resembling action painting. In consequence, the exhibition includes, besides work by Francis, Rosemarie Beck, Norman Bluhm, Bernard Cohen, Harold Cohen, Barry Daniels and others, which is clearly abstract-impressionist, paintings



## 'Speaking Personally'

## Travel and the Writer

V. S. PRITCHETT's talk in the Television Service

IF anyone asks me why I became a writer, I am afraid I should answer, as all writers would, that I don't really know, except that I always wanted to be a writer. But if you asked me how I equipped myself to be a writer, I think there is a simple answer to it: I chiefly equipped myself by travel.

## A Restless Nature

Many people think, especially nowadays, that a writer should not travel, that he should stay at home and study his own town, his own environment, and not move out of it. That may suit a lot of people, but a writer like that has to be rather well educated, well prepared. I was not very well educated and I therefore belong to the opposite school, what I call the 'traveller' writers. It is really a question of temperament. If you have a stable nature, it is all right, but if you are restless, as I was, and want to be on the move, then to travel and to see other countries is of fundamental importance. When I was a child, for example, we moved house frequently, often more than once a year. My mother once told me that we moved fourteen times in fourteen years. I used to like that: I liked the new houses, the new gardens, the new people, and so on; even the new dogs one met in the street. But that kind of life makes one rather an impressionist, inclined to be perhaps a little evasive in the observation of the world.

If you travel about a good deal in childhood, of course it is very bad for your education. You never go to any settled school for long; you are always changing your subjects. Indeed, by the time I was twelve years of age, when one ought to be and was in fact sitting for a scholarship, I thought I was a very clever boy; I thought I would easily get one. To my horror I failed—completely and very badly. It was rather serious for me, because my parents were not well off, and not getting a scholarship meant not going to a much better school and not going to a university. That is a considerable drawback for a writer, or at least for a writer of my kind.

I did, in fact, go to a grammar school for a couple of years. I did not do very well there, and when I was sixteen I had to leave school and there was no prospect of my becoming a writer at all. I was put into something which I did not like at first in the least: the leather trade. That first month in the leather office was horrible: it was like a prison; there were even bars on the window. But after about a month I got to like it. I got to like the strange names of skins, like skivers and basils and chamois and something called split-hide bucks; and there was another thing called a buck split. They used to send me down to the wharves in Pickle Herring Street, between London Bridge and Tower Bridge, to sort out the hides, to make reports on them, and so on. I used to watch the bales being unloaded off the ships, and look at the strange names on the bales, and think how wonderful it would be to go to those far-away countries.

I once went round the countryside to visit one or two local tanneries, and fell into a tan pit at one of the tan yards, right up to the neck; it was horrible. I was hooked out by a pole, put into a wash-house, and hosed down. That really ought to have been my permanent baptism into the trade, but I resisted it and continued with my reading and writing, still determined to be a writer.

It happened that I was not clever at English, not good at writing, but I was good at foreign languages, and to cut a long story short I saved up some money, and went to Paris. I answered advertisements, and got a job as a shop assistant selling photographic plates and papers, and materials of that kind to the small photographers who came up from the country to buy them. They were very amusing people, rather like the characters in Balzac's novels, or in Flaubert.

## The Strange, Foreign Thing

That was the beginning of my travel. I stayed in France for two years. One of the other jobs I did was to go round the ironmongers and other shops of Paris and sell shellac for making paints and varnish. After that I got a journalistic job, and I did that by simply writing a detailed account of what my room was like on the top floor of a Paris hotel. This seems to me very important. What I was doing was to describe the new, strange, foreign thing, and it was as the result of having this piece published, and various other things like it, that eventually I became a writer. This newspaper sent me to other countries: to Ireland, to Spain, and eventually to the United States.

I was away altogether for about seven years. Ireland taught me a great deal about politics—my first introduction to them; and Spain taught me about European history—I had never been taught any history properly, I had to learn history upside down. I had been brought up as an English chapel-going Protestant, and I had to learn history from the opposite point of view, our opponents' point of view, the point of view of the counter-reformation.

Then, apart from the information and the education it gave me, apart from the fact that the world became, as it were, the university which I had not had, there were certain practical things. For example, if you listen to people who are speaking a foreign language you have to listen very closely indeed, and that is a good training for a writer. Then, in a foreign country everything seems strange, and this strangeness of things is something which is important for a writer, because if things are too familiar you cannot really describe them. To have strangeness, to have the sense of the strange, is very valuable. Then I ought to have said that I have listened to people: I once, in fact, wrote down in a restaurant a whole conversation between a cadger and a man he was trying to cadge money from: it was a very, very funny conversation. These lessons in listening were invaluable to me.

It is arguable that one need not travel at all, that I could have learnt this all in England; and I did, after seven years, stay a long time in England without travelling; but two or three years ago I went to South America. It was a very lucky opportunity; I was able to see those marvellous landscapes and to see the most curious people. While I was there I remembered that about twenty years ago I wrote a novel about an expedition going up the Amazon. I had never been up the Amazon then; I had looked it all up in the British Museum and in the London Library, and I decided as it were to create it by making little models out of my imagination. When I was in South America I was able to check up. I did in fact in real life go up the Amazon; and I discovered that my book was pretty accurate. That does rather destroy my original argument that it is necessary for a writer actually to travel. But, of course, the experience itself of going to South America is one that I would not have missed for worlds. Really to fly over the mouth of the Amazon, to see that wonderful river flowing blood-red through that enormous estuary, is one of the most astounding experiences that a traveller can have. I enjoyed it enormously. Though I would not like to be a perpetual traveller.

## Looking for a Good Place

It was in South America, in a small place called Cartagena, that I met an American journalist who had been out of his own country for twenty-five years. He had taken his wife from country to country, looking—he was an earnest man, a serious man—for what many travellers look for, the great, good place: the place which was perfect and splendid. He would arrive in a country, stay there for several months thinking that he had found at last the place to live in, the place with the just government, the nice people, the good life, and then suddenly suspicions would enter in and he would begin to have doubts, then he would begin to have quarrels, then he would get upset, and at last he would drag off to one more country. I met him rather towards the end of his travels; he had only one more country in the Americas to go to, only Mexico, and he was afraid of going to Mexico because it was so near the United States and he would be home; he would be the traveller who had completed his circle. He did not want to be that. It scared him, and he was in a state of crisis about it.

I am not that kind of perpetual traveller: I am the traveller who has come home because I have had a great many things to write and a great deal of work to do. I do not want to spend my life in perpetual motion, but I do need, and I do enjoy and am stimulated by, foreign languages, foreign people, by their minds, their capacity to reveal themselves, and by the experience they give me that all people everywhere are totally different from each other in an absolutely fundamental way. I think that is really what travel has done for me.





## You and your Hovis

IF YOU LIKE to eat well, the bread you prefer is probably Hovis, because you have discovered it has far more flavour and goodness than ordinary brown. But why has it?

**TALE OF THREE** It is really a matter of the flour, for flours differ considerably in their ingredients, and the quantities of them. There are virtually just three ingredients that can be juggled with—the three parts in the grain of wheat, from which flour is made.

**WHAT'S IN A GRAIN** One part is the bran (or outer husk) which may or may not suit you, the second is the starchy body of the grain (the kernel), and number three is the tiny wheatgerm, the heart of the grain, which is full of goodness out of all proportion to its size. From those ingredients, how are the recipes for different flours made up?

**BREAD SECRETS** To produce white loaves, all the starchy kernel is included, but none of the doubtful bran and none of the good wheatgerm. There are various recipes for brown bread flours, but usually only a part of the wheatgerm is used, and some of the bran, while wholemeal bread is made from the whole wheat grain, just as it is.

**THE HEART OF THE MATTER** When it comes to Hovis, the recipe shows one vital difference. Eight times *more* of the good wheatgerm—the heart of the wheat—goes into Hovis. But the bran is discarded and goes to feed animals, so that you get all the body of the grain (the kernel) plus eight times more of the wheatgerm.

It is the extra wheatgerm that gives you the extra flavour and goodness in your Hovis. So now you know . . .

**DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY**

**Hovis**

THAT'S BETTER!



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## The Legal Aid and Advice Act

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of June 19 Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., praises the working of the Legal Aid and Advice Act of 1949. But, like so many politicians, he ignores the injustice created by that Act. The defendant in a civil action brought by a state-aided litigant must pay his own costs if his income is above about £750 a year, even if he wins the action. Such costs may amount to several hundreds of pounds. Quite a number of such defendants have in fact had to do this. Such a state of affairs is more like class warfare than justice. Keen as I always have been on legal reform, I cannot accept as just a system that has such results. Surely the fate of successful defendants deserves the attention and sympathy of our legislators?

Yours, etc.,

Petworth

CLAUDE MULLINS

## The Limits of Science

Sir,—Though science, or more precisely, scientific knowledge, may be a good thing for the reasons Mr. Pyke offers (THE LISTENER, June 19), it cannot be immediately accepted that young people ought therefore to choose to be scientists. Mr. Pyke's argument is that science is a good thing because it contributes to a rising standard of living, an increased knowledge of the universe, and increased physical welfare. Knowing this, Mr. Pyke would seem to argue, young people ought to choose science as a profession.

For two reasons this argument appears to be built on shaky foundations. On the one hand it ignores the vocational requirements of young people and on the other it ignores the social and economic system in which they must work. What do young people want from their vocations? Income (preferably large), status (preferably high) and a chance (let us be charitable) to contribute in some small degree to the general welfare. Can they, by choosing to be scientists, achieve these objectives?

It seems not. Today those who choose scientific professions will have to work either in industry or the civil service. The independent scientific researchers—the Darwins and the Tyndalls mentioned by Mr. Pyke—are a vanishing breed relegated mainly to universities. The scientific researcher will find that both in income and status industry gives priority to salesmen, executives, and production managers. Something of the same situation exists in the civil services.

Can the scientist in industry feel that he is making a contribution to the general welfare? Does he? Mr. Pyke feels that he ought to. But it is doubtful that he really will. Like the poor man-cog on an assembly line the modern scientific researcher often has a small task the end product of which it is difficult to envisage. It is not enough for the scientist to know (unhumble though this may be) that some day his small contribution may be utilised to make better the lives of his neighbours. In our society where money calls the tune and status calls forth money, the scientist, not surprisingly, would like to have a little more of both. Nor is it surprising,

for the same reasons, that many young people may not choose the scientific professions at all.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

EVAN ROTNER

Sir,—Anyone reading Mr. Magnus Pyke's talk on 'The Limits of Science' would be led to believe that all the more important scientific discoveries have been made during recent years. Let us, however, recall a few of the innovations which took place during the reign of Queen Victoria.

First of all, there was the building of the railways. This surely has had a greater effect on humanity at large than any other invention. Practically everyone has used, and does use, railways, whereas only a small minority of people ever travel by air. Then there was the general improvement in sanitation, which meant the end of the widespread epidemics which Mr. Pyke refers to in his article. There was the use of anaesthetics in surgery. Probably nothing has contributed more to the general comfort and happiness of the average man and woman than the use of gas and electricity for lighting and cooking. This must have saved an infinity of useless drudgery.

Surely these discoveries and innovations were of vastly greater importance than 'the jet aircraft, the rocket, the nuclear power stations [which so far do not seem to have produced very much power!], the plastic mackintoshes, the deep-freeze, the detergents' and, finally, 'plastic water-pipes' mentioned by Mr. Pyke as being some of the wonders of the present day.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

CLAUDE SISLEY

## Must an Educator Have an Aim?

Sir,—It was interesting, though not unexpected, to find Mr. Bantock using Mr. Peters' talk as an excuse to launch yet another attack on 'progressives'. Surely, however, we are entitled to expect a better argument than the rather hackneyed comparison between the American high school and our own grammar school from such a seasoned campaigner.

Is it really true that 'progressives show no great enthusiasm for the acquiring of knowledge'? One can only presume that the expupil who has just sent A. S. Neill his Penguin book on medieval thought (*Times Educational Supplement*, June 20) is a 'sport' of the progressive system.

I have already pointed out to Mr. Bantock (THE LISTENER, November 7, 1957) why so many of us who are actually doing the job of classroom teaching believe in child-centred education. Mr. Bantock feels that Mr. Peters is 'talking about the whole business rather from the outside and without an intimate knowledge of current dilemmas'. I have thirty 'current dilemmas' who face me every morning of my working life. Perhaps this is why such concepts as 'mental health' and 'wholeness' seem vital to me and not just 'current plays'.

Evercreech

RONALD D. CAVE

## Dunkirk

Sir,—The vivid and dramatic broadcast given in the B.B.C. Home Service on Sunday, June 8, was a well-deserved tribute to the great sailor, Admiral Ramsay, and the equally great soldier, General Lord Gort, V.C., who conducted with such skill the epic retreat of the B.E.F. to Dunkirk. But the grandeur of the theme was marred by unwarranted aspersions on the motives or actions of a number of other senior British officers.

The broadcaster said: 'Gort crossed to France with a General [Sir Edmund Ironside] who had hoped for his command over him at the War Office, and with two Generals [Sir John Dill and Sir Alan Brooke] who had hoped for his other appointment [of C.I.G.S.] in the principal commands below him. You can work that out for yourself'. There is here a wrongful suggestion that for personal reasons these officers were not giving Gort proper backing in his difficult task, an outrageous and unjustified imputation.

The relations of Brooke and Dill with Gort are given in Sir Arthur Bryant's *The Turn of the Tide* and Sir John Kennedy's *The Business of War*, so I will not enlarge on them here. Ironside was always on friendly terms with Gort. Although they might have had their own opinions as to his fitness for high command, all three officers were completely loyal to Gort and supported him in every way.

When, in 1937, the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Hore-Belisha, interviewed Ironside and Dill, he told each of them that he would not be Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Ironside because he was too old, Ironside replied that he was not disappointed as he never wanted to be C.I.G.S. Ironside was the only serving officer who had held high command in war, and was pre-eminently a commander. Dill had never held high command, but was an excellent staff officer and would have done well as C.I.G.S. if in war his health had stood the strain. Gort, also, had never held high command, but was a magnificent fighting soldier, and at his happiest in the front line. The Secretary of State failed to realise their essential characters and fit them into suitable jobs.

In July 1939 Ironside was brought home from Gibraltar and appointed Inspector-General of Overseas Forces. He was informed verbally, but not in writing, that he would be Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F. Dill commanded the First Corps at Aldershot, until April 1939 the only Expeditionary Force earmarked for service abroad. He had been the prospective C. in C. if any expansion of the Force took place, but then ideas changed. Gort was Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Mobilisation was ordered and war declared in September 1939, but no commander of the B.E.F. was appointed. Several hours after the declaration Ironside was sent for by the S. of S. and, to his utter astonishment, was asked to take over as C.I.G.S. He at first thought of refusing, but, as it was war time, felt he must accept,



Gort became C. in C. of the B.E.F. and Dill took the First Corps to France, followed by Alan Brooke with the Second Corps.

The broadcaster stated that 'Ironside failed as C.I.G.S.' but did not say in what respect. Ironside was not directly responsible for operations. The war was run by a War Cabinet of the Government, advised by various committees of which the principal was the Chiefs of Staff which produced the military plans. The War Cabinet approved, amended or rejected the plans as it thought fit, although few members had strategic or military knowledge. The war machine, consisting of numerous committees, was unwieldy, slow and clumsy. There was much overlapping and delay in coming to decisions. The duties of the C.I.G.S. were to advise on strategic matters, produce plans, transmit Government orders to armies in the field, and to train and equip the Army.

When Ironside took over, there was no Imperial strategy or plan, no tactical doctrine, the Army was largely untrained and very ill-equipped, especially in arms and weapons essential for a war in Europe such as tanks and artillery, and co-operation by the R.A.F. was almost non-existent. The Government sheltered behind the Maginot Line and the French Army, and thought the war could be won by bombing and blockade. They saw little need for an Army. It was only in April 1939 that, at the urgent request of the French, they decided to send an Expeditionary Force to the Continent at all, and then only a small token force.

Ironside, by immense drive and energy, sought to remedy these defects. He produced a plan for the Empire, including a larger contingent for France, an Army in the Middle East and an Imperial Reserve. He organised the Army and set about its training. He urged the Supply Ministry to produce the needed equipment, but as it took three years to come out the Army was not fully equipped till 1942. He pressed for air co-operation. He secured an improvement in all these matters.

Our Army in France was placed by the Government under French command, and acted in accordance with French plans and orders. Although Ironside had foreseen that the Germans would attack through the Ardennes, General Gamelin thought otherwise. Ironside was in no way responsible for the disasters in France. He prepared a plan for an expedition to Scandinavia with a view to denying Germany her essential iron ore, but when the time came to put it into effect the Government made vital alterations and after the force had sailed interfered in the operations to such an extent that confusion resulted. He cannot be blamed for the Norwegian failure. He built up an Army in the Middle East against opposition from home, without which there would have been no victory at Alamein. As the Official History says, 'Military failure in 1940 was directly due to the Government policy of pre-war years'.

When the Germans invaded in the West and the situation became serious, the Cabinet decided that the B.E.F. must save itself by striking south. Ironside took these instructions to Gort in France. For some days the B.E.F. had received no orders. Ironside went to Billotte's headquarters and forced him to issue orders. He telephoned to Weygand, who had replaced Gamelin, explaining the situation. Billotte was killed and there was further delay while Blanchard was

taking over. Ironside considered that if it had acted in time the B.E.F. might have succeeded in the move. Much of its equipment might have been saved, but it would not have averted the fall of France.

As early as May 17 Ironside saw that it might be necessary to evacuate the B.E.F. by Dunkirk. It was he who originated the plan for saving as many men of the B.E.F. as possible by sending across all the small craft available. The Admiralty took it up and organised it.

When the fall of France appeared imminent, and it was thought Germany might invade this country, Ironside, on May 25, proposed to the Government that he should leave the War Office and take over command of Home Forces. The Prime Minister agreed, saying that the defence of this country was vital, the best soldier in the Empire must take it on, and the job of C.I.G.S. was now only of secondary importance. Thus Ironside became C. in C. Home Forces on May 27.

It will be seen from the above that there is no justification for saying that he failed as C.I.G.S. It is distressing that the impact of journalism on history should vitiate an otherwise excellent factual account of the most critical moments of the war.—Yours, etc.,

Guildford

R. MACLEOD (Col.)

### Frustrations of Arriving in New York

Sir,—Mr. Alistair Cooke presumably travelled first-class if it took him only two hours and twenty-five minutes to get through the New York Customs. Six years ago, travelling tourist, it took me over four hours. The time was taken up by waiting in a queue for a counterfoil. The actual Customs examination was over in a few seconds.

The temperature in the Customs shed was well over ninety degrees. The only available lavatories were filthy. No refreshments or even drinking water were obtainable. A group of American students squatted down and typed a letter of protest to *The New York Times*, and invited those in the queue to sign. We wisely refrained, as visitors, but hoped that the letter, which was published, would produce results. Obviously, the letter had no effect at all.

I should add that, once through the Customs, I found New York City as exciting and enjoyable as everyone knows it to be. It is a pity that one's first impressions of American efficiency and hygiene are so depressing. Will Mr. Alistair Cooke report if his very amusing talk does produce results?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.22

DAN PEDOE

### The Moscow Art Theatre

Sir,—May I suggest that, before accepting Mr. Nabokov's criticisms of the Moscow Art Theatre's 'The Three Sisters' (*THE LISTENER*, June 5), it is worth looking at the play again—remembering that Chekhov himself professed to write comedies.

Mr. Nabokov protests that Vershinin is one of the most 'thoroughly attractive' of Chekhov's characters whose 'personal tragedy' is a key point in the drama, whereas he is now presented as too brash to evoke sympathy. But if Chekhov's characters are anything it is thoroughly human, and it is surely this that the Art Theatre so magnificently conveys.

By contrast, the romantic version of Ver-

shinin, which Mr. Nabokov hankers after, is positively trite. His delightful and sincere 'aging colonel' is, in fact, only forty-two: whatever he himself may choose to say about grey hairs, for effect, Olga protests he has not one. And perhaps it is somewhat insensitive, a little 'vulgar' to tell the world so freely about one's wife, without a trace of a realisation that one might be partly responsible for marital discord.

'What a despicable woman!' Vershinin exclaims of her to Masha, describing a quarrel, adding:

I never talk about these things in the ordinary way. It's a strange thing, but you're the only person I feel I dare complain to. . . . I've nobody, nobody but you.

This is a gambit every 'other' woman knows by heart. Moreover the sensible and sensitive Tuzenbach has already sounded the warning before Vershinin appears:

His only weakness is that he talks too much.

. . . He's all right, only he's got a wife . . . and two little girls. What's more she's his second wife. He calls on everybody and tells them that he's got a wife and two little girls. He'll tell you about it, too, I'm sure of that. His wife seems a bit soft in the head . . . she often tries to commit suicide, apparently just to annoy her husband . . . but he puts up with it, and just grumbles about it.

Sure enough, after the briefest acquaintance, Vershinin finds cause to remark:

I've got a wife, you know, and two little girls; and my wife's not very well, and all that. . . .

Well, if I had to start my life all over again, I wouldn't marry. . . . No, no.

A bit of a bore, certainly, whatever his saving graces.

Masha, herself suffering from a husband, is all too likely to succumb to this time-honoured approach. Vershinin has a truly male readiness to lay his misfortunes on a woman's heart and then to rise, like a lion refreshed, to 'philosophise'; naturally he loves Masha for her capacity to listen. Were he merely 'thoroughly attractive' she herself would be swept off her feet in true romantic tradition. What more could she ask? But what she eventually confesses to her sisters, after a long enough acquaintance, is: 'I thought he was queer at first, then I started to pity him . . . then I began to love him . . .'. This is a woman's version of love as it arises in all its complexity in real life.

Our sympathies may be engaged for Masha and her sisters—even for her husband, Kuligin, as he makes an apologetic and vain attempt to dispel his wife's tears. We may grieve, too, for Tuzenbach's death, without Irina's love and before the purifying storm he forecasts. But as the extrovert Vershinin strides off, for what tragedy should we weep? Will he not soon be cheerfully dining out on his misfortunes, once more philosophising and loving just as wholeheartedly, in the next garrison town?

Yours, etc.,

Leicester

J. SIMON

### Walter de la Mare

Sir,—A biography of my father, Walter de la Mare, and a selection from his letters are now in hand. I should be very grateful if the owners of letters or any other material would be kind enough to inform me.—Yours, etc.,

Dykes, Henfield,

Sussex

FLORENCE THOMPSON



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**The Later Churchills.** By A. L. Rowse. Macmillan. 35s.

THE SECOND VOLUME of Mr. Rowse's history of the Marlborough family is as readable and as gripping as the first. The themes are, of course, basically different, despite frequent parallels. The first volume described the rise of the Churchills from obscurity to eminence: the second is concerned with withdrawal and return. Between the death of the great Duke and the rise to power of Lord Randolph and Sir Winston domestic comedy, with a few touches of farce and an occasional tragedy, took the place of the epic. Only with Sir Winston is the Olympian note reasserted.

Mr. Rowse admires 'blood', name and estate, but never blindly. He emphasises the diversity of the Marlboroughs—at one extreme a Regency rake, at the other a Victorian prig—and gives due attention to Iroquois as well as to Celtic blood transfusions. He moves easily among names great and small, but he sympathises with those foreigners who find English aristocratic nomenclature incomprehensible. He shows with wealth of detail how estates can be squandered and inheritances destroyed. The seventh Duke, 'a complete Victorian', set the worst of examples for the eighth Duke, a complete spendthrift. Only the ninth Duke, who sacrificially devoted all his energies to the rehabilitation of Blenheim, recovered and enhanced the inheritance. To do so he had to call in the New World to restore the balance of the old. Consuelo Vanderbilt, whose book *The Glitter and the Gold* is an invaluable source, was a shining 'link in the chain'.

Politics play a marginal part in Mr. Rowse's history of the family until the second half of the nineteenth century. There was an interesting correspondence between the fourth Duke and George III during the critical months of 1783 and 1784, and the sixth Duke—who unfortunately ordered all his private papers to be destroyed—became a zealous advocate of parliamentary reform in 1829 because he believed that a reformed House of Commons would never have passed Catholic Emancipation, but it was only when Disraeli needed three Dukes to carry the Reform Bill of 1867 that the seventh Duke became Lord President of the Council. Neither Lord Randolph nor Sir Winston was content to move in 'the contracted sphere' which had satisfied so many of his ancestors. Their political talk was bold and refreshing and Lord Randolph explicitly thrust on one side the claims of 'the small and narrow class which is connected with the ownership of land': he hated all kinds of 'humbug'. Sir Winston, who once remarked that he was devoutly thankful that he never possessed 'a square yard of that perverse commodity called "land"', refused to imprison himself in any outlook or allegiance. Mr. Rowse's account of Lord Randolph is well written and well informed, although perhaps it takes Tory democracy too seriously and telescopes the critical events of 1884 and 1885: his picture of Sir Winston is well drawn but familiar, although there are many signs—particularly in the descriptions of the nineteen-thirties and the choice of adjectives—that Mr. Rowse is the artist. His

attempt to trace a political continuity in the Marlborough history—a trimming tradition—is less convincing. When the Churchills reappear in national history 'the element of chance, luck, destiny, providence' seems more influential than the element of blood, name, and estate.

The history of families, other than royal families, is such a neglected and ill-organised branch of history that Mr. Rowse's study has considerable general interest quite apart from its fascinating details and its specific judgements. He succeeds in maintaining a balance between the economic and the political, the public and the private. Only when he reaches our own times does a different kind of analysis become necessary. And then it is not the later but the latest Churchills who become the central characters in the story.

**England's on the Anvil! and other Essays** By John Raymond. Collins. 18s.

Most of the essays in *England's on the Anvil!* first appeared as leading book reviews in the *New Statesman*, of which Mr. Raymond was assistant literary editor. All were written in the last four years. There are over thirty of them, energetically emphatic to the point of floridity, and sometimes beyond; and these are only winnowings from an exuberant output. No wonder that they seem to distil the dominating tone during this period of the left-wing weekly's famous back pages.

It is an oddly incongruous tone for that context. But then many readers admit that the *Statesman's* charm for them has become that of a pantomime horse: while its front half thunders down purposefully on the dragons and windmills of Reaction, its posterior may be detected performing, as if nostalgic for Habsburg *haute école*, unsynchronised caracoles and waltz-steps of its own. Now that Mr. Raymond has stepped, as it were, out of the canvas hind-legs, this schizophrenia explains itself. He typifies those rear-guard defenders of progress, forced to back slowly into the future while covering, with a horrified and fascinated eye, the dark historic principalities and powers which still threaten from the past. And, as so often happens in this exposed position, fascination sometimes overcomes horror.

The fascination which overthrows Mr. Raymond is with Empire: the grandeurs, privileges, duties and corruptions attending world power. His imagination dwells, suffused and tempted, on Nero's Rome, Bernini's Vatican, Lutyens' Delhi. Some of his subjects tell their own story: Gibbon, Kipling, Loyola, Chesterton, Churchill. But any seed—the heavy memoir of a Polish princess or a Balliol don—may sprout into a Guedalla fantasia of power, hectic with throne rooms and chancelleries, battlefields and grouse moors. Mr. Raymond is haunted by the concept of the 'Establishment', whose image he finds in the Edwardian upper classes. 'It is time', he cries, quoting Harold Nicolson, 'that the jade and lobster of the Edwardian epoch was exposed'. But the exposure becomes a lingering rehearsal of the scandals and house-parties, the quail

and champagne, the pomp and the circumstance. He is endlessly intrigued by the care, feeding and leisure diversions of the 'power-élites' of history: the Roman patriciate, the salon of the Guermantes, Milner's Kindergarten. The great Victorian proconsuls loom scarcely more impressive in his eyes than the great Victorian headmasters who trained them. Ultimately, he seems to find a magnificence, however sinister, in those—Coke, de Maistre, Claudel—who have truly 'belonged'; a pathos, however virtuous, in those—Corvo, Mark Rutherford, Orwell—who have not. This preoccupation with power may explain his enthusiasm for the historical approaches of Gibbon and Churchill, his bafflement and irritation with the attempts of Acton and, yes, Lytton Strachey to judge the great dead by other criteria than historical effectiveness.

European power and empire have been the central facts of the last century. It is Mr. Raymond's great virtue that he sees the need to discuss the century's literature in terms of them. Unfortunately, neither horror nor fascination are emotions which bring one to close grips with their objects. Mr. Raymond prefers to approach the Edwardian age through Buchan and Compton Mackenzie rather than Shaw and Wells; his vision of classical Rome has more in common with Robert Graves' than Plutarch's. His critical approaches are on a similar level: he sums up Pope as an 'outsider', Saint-Beuve as an 'Uncle', Flaubert's *Tentation de Saint Antoine* as 'that dazzling effusion of pantheism, mythology and space-fiction, a masterpiece that ties with the *Opium Eater* as the greatest prose reverie of the century'. Works he approves tend to be 'elegant', those he disapproves to be 'vulgar'. Already the adjectives have little meaning. The latter, particularly, seems odd ammunition with which to defend, even from the rear, a future where it should have none.

**Cosimo Tura.** By E. Ruhmer. Phaidon Press. 63s.

Cosimo Tura painted harsh, spiky, angular figures; saints with ecstatic features twisted by pain; craggy robes that have just settled into place after some titanic earthquake; thrones fantastically decorated with murderous dragons in gilt bronze. He is among the most individual of the artists of the Italian fifteenth century, the most Northern and 'Germanic', a complex, tortured, intensely religious painter, difficult to associate with the worldly court life of the Estes at Ferrara. To evaluate him at all convincingly would require not only artistic, but also exceptionally wide, human sympathies, an awareness of Freud, perhaps, as well as of medieval allegory. Meanwhile we must make do with Mr. Ruhmer.

The Phaidon Press have in the past set such a noble standard of book production, designed to satisfy both the scholar and the general public, that the reviewer can only reluctantly express his disappointment at this latest volume, with a genuine reproach of 'Believe me, this hurts me more than it does you'. This reluctance is felt the more keenly because a full monograph on



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Tura is so very welcome and shows us once again how enterprising Phaidon Books are in moving beyond the hackneyed ground so remorselessly exploited by most of their rivals. But it is no use pretending that this latest volume comes up to the high standard they themselves have set. Questions of pure scholarship—such as the part played by Tura in the Palazzo Schifanoia frescoes—will doubtless be debated fiercely elsewhere: the first big batteries have indeed already been fired. Here one can only say that the evidence which Mr. Ruhmer brings forward for his attributions is not convincingly displayed.

More unsatisfactory to the non-specialist reader will be the absence of any real attempt to sum up Tura's artistic achievement, to give us a coherent view of his aims and personality and of the background against which he worked. We read the fifty-page introduction without ever drawing close to this strange painter. There is no feeling of intimacy, no sympathetic insight into the character of his work. This is partly due to the organisation of the book. Interesting and valuable comments are interspersed with intricate observations that could be more readily absorbed in the notes. And Mr. Ruhmer (or his translator) is certainly no great stylist. To end this depressing catalogue of disappointments one must deplore one very serious innovation in the illustrations. Even by current standards Phaidon colour plates have not always been satisfactory; but in the past this has not mattered much because everything reproduced in colour was also shown in ordinary black-and-white photographs of very high quality. In this volume a few plates are reproduced only in colour; and the general level of the illustrations is certainly not up to the usual standard.

However, too many complaints would show a complete lack of proportion; it would be quite wrong to give the impression that this book is of no value. There is a full scholarly apparatus with notes, bibliography and chronological tables. And there are about a hundred illustrations. It is not the book one had hoped for, but it is by far the most complete book in English on one of the most enthralling of Italian artists.

### Antarctic Night

By J. Bursey. Longmans. 18s.

Dogs are the main theme of this book, the husky dogs used to pull the sledges of the American expeditions that visited the Antarctic in 1928, 1939, and 1955. Commander Bursey is a Newfoundlander who was brought up to fishing and farming in a remote village far from the false values of modern town life. In his early days he learnt to use the sea in boats and schooners during the summer, and to train and drive his team of huskies during the winter. The rest of his family were content with their unsophisticated life, but young Bursey spent the long winter evenings reading all he could lay his hands on about the Antarctic, and became filled with a burning desire to visit those fascinating but inhospitable regions. With the interest and help of Grenfell he was sent to the United States to be educated, and managed to get himself taken on Commander Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic in 1928, where he distinguished himself as a dog-driver.

The author gave outstanding service on all his expeditions including the last, the recon-

naissance for the Geophysical Year. But in 1955 the 'old days' of primitive adventure in Antarctica had gone forever—a fleet of ships had brought more than 1,800 men to set up the bases for the wintering parties, and mechanisation had made Antarctic exploration 'just another job'. But for all that Commander Bursey is deeply bitten with the wild beauty and fascinating challenge of that barren land, and with the editorial help of Meredith Beyers has written a very readable book.

### Japan Between East and West

By Hugh Borton and others.  
Oxford. 38s.

More than six years have passed since the signing of the peace treaty which restored Japan to its former status as an independent power. It was with a view to taking 'a fresh look at the changing role of independent Japan in world affairs' that, in 1956, the American Council on Foreign Relations invited six experts on Japanese affairs to present their views before a study group of the Council. The present volume contains the results of these deliberations, revised and brought up to date; and very instructive and enlightening they are.

Briefly stated, the present position in Japan is examined under six main headings—politics and the future of democracy in Japan, Communism in Japan, the international aspects of Japan's economic situation, literary and intellectual currents and their international implications, the bearing of the rise of Communist China on Japan, and Japan's diplomacy between the Communist camp and the free world. It is a valuable piece of work, providing much food for thought and meriting the attention not only of specialists concerned with developments in the Far East, but also of the far wider public which is likely to be affected, directly or indirectly, by those developments.

In these pages we see Japan courted and coerced by the two great power blocs, with the Soviet bloc, in accordance with its aim of isolating the United States from the rest of the world, doing its best to undermine Japanese-American relations by exploiting grievances and irritants. The Americans, for their part, are striving to contain the Soviet Union by building a strong, stable Japan wedded to the West—strong economically, politically and militarily. While there seems little likelihood of the Japanese being lured into the Communist camp, it is clear from these studies that there is a growing trend in Japan towards neutralism; and although suspicion and dislike of Russia make Japan allergic to Soviet advances, this is in strong contrast to her friendly attitude towards Communist China. The reasons for this are fully examined in these pages.

The present Government recognises the gratitude due to the United States for the valuable aid given in the economic rehabilitation of the country, for supporting Japan's admission to the United Nations and other international organisations, and for guaranteeing the security of Japan against Soviet aggression; but there are plenty of grievances and irritants to make the people at large anti-American, and the Communists are not slow to exploit them. The continued presence of American troops, even though they are there for the purpose of safeguarding Japan, is but one of many such irritants. The

requisitioning of land for use as American training grounds and bases is another. The retention of Okinawa is particularly resented and is raising a problem which the authors of this book compare with that of Cyprus. Further resentment is caused by American insistence on restriction of trade with Communist China and with the Communist bloc in general and, as the only country that has ever experienced the horrors of the atom bomb, Japan is perhaps not unnaturally foremost among those demanding the abolition of nuclear weapons and tests. Desire for peace is shown as the ruling passion in Japan today; and the dislike of American bases in Japan, of nuclear weapons, and of American pressure on the Japanese to rearm are all bound up with a strong detestation of war and of dependence on the United States and with the consequent trend towards neutralism. While, therefore, Communism as such has little appeal for the Japanese as a whole, the Communist slogan of 'peace, independence and democracy' finds ready acceptance, and it is significant that the Social Democrats, the main Opposition party, strongly favour a neutral policy.

### Dartington Hall. The History of an Experiment. By Victor Bonham-Carter. Phoenix House. 30s.

One of the most interesting things about Dartington is its demonstration of what happens when there is enough money and to spare to carry out a high purpose. The endowed enterprise draws to it cranks, amateurs and even rogues as well as competent people, while begrudging onlookers rush in to beat its reputation with any ugly stick. It was variously said of Dartington in its early days that it was foreign, nudist, communist, capitalist and run by the B.B.C. Mr. Bonham-Carter's shrewd, honest and readable book shows how the Dartington ideal triumphed over both its friends and enemies.

The object of the experiment was to rehabilitate a part of the countryside at a time when rural England was all a depressed area. In doing this it was hoped to show how green and pleasant lands could again offer livelihood and life. As things have turned out, a better agricultural policy, a welfare state and manifold opportunities for further education have overtaken the second aim. But this does not mean that Dartington has now nothing to propose for the nation at large. Its most original suggestion is that all that was good in the old landed estates could be revived in 'land trusts', well administered both economically and socially, and content with a low fixed rate of income. This is Leonard Elmhirst's earnest suggestion for preventing the total disappearance of the estates.

Leonard Elmhirst comes of a Yorkshire land-owning family. From Cambridge he went to Cornell University's department of agriculture (working his passage across to America) and thence to do work of lasting importance for rural India under Tagore. His wife, whom he met at Cornell, had had wide experience of social work. The integrity and humanitarianism of these two is sensed by any casual visitor to Dartington as well as through the pages of Mr. Bonham-Carter's book. They stand solidly behind the whole period of trial and error here described, from the rescue of ancient buildings, restored farms, experiments with light indus-



tries, and excursions into the arts of the early years, to the curtailed operations on a limited capital outlay of today.

The book is pleasantly illustrated and there is

a short appendix describing the school, which is a separate enterprise and was first founded to educate the children of all who worked on the estate. This is written by Mr. W. B. Curry,

the lately retired headmaster, who was given free rein to make the school 'progressive' to the full limit of that term as it was understood in the 'twenties.

## New Novels

*Flight to Afar.* By Alfred Andersch. Victor Gollancz. 13s. 6d.  
*A Flame in my Heart.* By John Petty. Secker and Warburg. 15s.  
*Things Fall Apart.* By Chinua Achebe. Heinemann. 15s.

**F**LIGHT TO AFAR is a beautiful and disturbing piece of work, admirably translated by Mr. Michael Bullock. The blurb states that German critics have described Herr Andersch as, above all, a poet, a word that tends to dismay, for we know what German writers can produce in the way of poetic novels when they turn their minds to it. Let no one be deterred: here is nothing portentous or overloaded, none of the usual symbolism, as dreary as crude, and, best of all, no teutonic despair. Herr Andersch writes with a glorious simplicity and is a poet indeed by virtue of the resonances that his plain language awakens in the deep places of the mind.

The story is laid in Rerik, a little port in the Baltic, and the time is immediately before the last war. Each of the main characters is suffering from, or resisting, the Nazi tyrant and at the outset this appears to be the theme of the book. Pastor Helander has been told that the carving of a young monk, infinitely precious to him, is to be removed from his church to a 'place of safety', and he is planning to smuggle it out to Sweden, thereby risking imprisonment and torture. Knudsen, a fisherman and a communist, has a pretty, gentle wife who is astray in her wits and whom the Nazis threaten to certify, meaning of course to liquidate: the creature's poor life is used to ensure his good behaviour. Judith Levin, whose mother has only just committed suicide in Hamburg, is obeying her last wish by coming to Rerik and trying to buy her escape on a foreign steamer. Gregor is a Russian agent, sent by the Party to meet and instruct Knudsen in communist activity.

The sense of the little fishing port, with its harmless people and its noble churches and towers, washed by the clean Baltic and set in the vile world of the Nazis' creating, is wonderfully conveyed. But now we come to the author's real argument. Whatever the external horrors may be, men can face them if their inner core holds fast; and here the inner core is disintegrating. Pastor Helander is losing his faith in the Christian God of love and faith and sees a frivolous, capricious Being who takes no thought for his creatures:

The town, the church and the parsonage had become sound-absorbent, echoless rooms, since the Others had conquered. No, not since the Others had come but since God had gone away. The Good Lord considers it unnecessary to be present, thought the pastor scornfully and bitterly. Perhaps he has more important business. Perhaps he is just taking things easy. Anyway, he hasn't visited us here in Rerik for years.

He thinks he cannot face torture, or rather the thought of it, of being 'no more than a groaning lump of flesh'. He is no stranger to pain as the stump of the leg that he lost at Verdun is growing proud and, a diabetic, he

knows that once the wound opens it can never heal. 'A perishing body which a merciful prison doctor may perhaps in the end shroud in morphia, so that the brain which lived in this body will not even be able to pray. No, thought Helander vehemently and despairingly, the little novice in my church can't expect me to do that much for him'. It is not the little novice crouching over his book, however, but the human mind he stands for; and the pastor goes on trying to persuade Knudsen to sail away with the figure.

Knudsen has lost all desire for resistance, adopting a familiar the-time-is-not-ripe attitude, and wants only to catch fish and live in peace with the sweet, mindless Bertha. Gregor too loses faith in the Party, suddenly and violently here in Rerik, the crystallisation of a long doubt and unease; and the two deserters despise each other for their desertion. 'He has hauled down the flag', thinks Gregor, 'but he has carefully folded it up and put it away... He wants to hibernate with it because he doesn't know that flags which have been struck never again flutter as before.' Yet for purely human, unpolitical reasons Gregor continues to plan Judith's escape, the escape she cannot herself believe in as she watches the jolly Swedish sailors in the inn, drinking under a portrait of the Führer and seeming to 'pay no attention to the mean, utterly soulless, mongrel's face, not out of rudeness but because it didn't interest them'.

The magnificent narrative sweeps on with steadily mounting tension so that towards the end we are seized by sheer, painful excitement as to whether the flags will be struck or not, whether the men will be men despite the core's crumbling, or merely tacticians, passive, defeated. The ending crowns the book; and I will do nothing so wicked as to give it away.

Mr. Petty does not write well, his treatment of one difficult theme is so inadequate as to be distasteful, and his story ends in melodrama; but he has passion, a quality so rare in English writing today as to make these defects seem unimportant. As a portrayal of life in the labouring class *A Flame in my Heart* stands out from the competent, polished and lifeless run. The hero is a great stupid bull of a man whose more than Laurentian virility makes him irresistible not only to one of the 'young ladies' on the clerical staff of his foundry, but to his own eldest daughter. He responds to both, stopping short only of incest with the one and getting the other with child. Although he is under forty, his lungs are already affected by the dust and fumes of the workshop, and he dreams of a life in the sun in Australia. To get the means for this, he hits on the dodge of stealing the firm's wages from the safe on a Thursday night; but his contriving is on the level that might be predicted and, caught in the act by the watchman, he kills him.

These are the bare and fragile bones of the story and it is astonishing how Mr. Petty, for all his meagre literary resource, clothes them with flesh and blood. George lives and breathes, a warm natural man whom we believe in and exasperatedly grow fond of: his foundry is a real place where men labour and sweat and cough their lives away: the mental distance between himself and his appalling younger daughters, products of the opportunity state, is brilliantly suggested. I hope Mr. Petty discards his contempt for those who do not work with their hands, and his belief that educated people are bound to be idiots: his talent, like his humanity, is too big for simplifications of the kind.

The title of Mr. Chinua Achebe's excellent novel of a Nigerian tribe is taken from Yeats:

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
 Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,

and refers to the destruction of African tribal life by the white man's coming at the end of the nineteenth century. The author possesses literary gifts of a high order, writing a clear and meaty style free of the dandyism often affected by Negro authors, and his controlled statement makes the grisly episodes of the book all the more telling. Nevertheless it is difficult to read his account of the picturesque customs of the Ibo tribe without giving six loud cheers for Mere Anarchy.

The community he writes of is mindless, dominated by vague and preposterous terrors, full of masculine swagger and violence and incapable of advancement by itself: it inhabits a world where the blood of a helpless, trusting boy is shed in obedience to some imaginary oracle, where women are bullied and beaten, and the corpse of a baby savagely mutilated to discourage it from re-entering the mother's womb to plague her by being born and dying again. The centre could not hold because it was hollow. Change, said Anatole France, is the condition of life itself: we move or we perish and in moving there is invariably loss as well as gain; but to see the white man's intervention in Africa as purely destructive is too facile, nostalgia for what was swept away, mere sentimentality. It would be pleasant to know how many of the bright Negro barristers of our acquaintance, with their devotion to African culture, really wish they were back in those serviceable raffia skirts, tending the yams and keeping a sharp look-out for a demon or a witch. Would Mr. Chinua himself, for that matter, prefer it to being the distinguished novelist he is clearly going to become? He makes the white missionaries in his book appear as either foolish or insensitive, even if brave: we read, none the less, on the jacket: 'From his village missionary school Chinua Achebe won a scholarship to a Government secondary school...'

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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

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Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Life in the Raw

'PAIN', SAYS A CHARACTER in 'The Living Room', 'is my profession'. He was a psychologist and had he been created by Mr. Greene a few years later he might well have been shown tearing away from his own problems to help other people solve theirs by making anonymous appearances on television, only as he was a non-believer it would probably have been on the other channel. Both channels are at present to their credit much concerned with presenting the problems of pain as they occur in real life. The old, the infirm, the lonely, and the mal-adjusted, our eyes are for ever being opened to their special difficulties, and we are frequently being brought face to face with genuine outsiderhood, as experienced by delinquents, psychotics, alcoholics, unmarried mothers, and a whole host of people who for one reason or another find themselves the wrong side of the law.

If television is above all, as I believe, the medium of humanity in the raw, undistorted by art, then it is such people who offer it a great opportunity to give us an experience both unique and enlarging. How is it to be done, though? In 'Lifeline', which dealt on June 19 with 'Young Offenders', the method favoured is to employ a psychiatrist who mediates between the sufferers and the viewers and who provides scientific context and background to the experience. The consultant psychiatrist who runs 'Lifeline' is by any standards a first-rate television performer and has just the right kind of innate tact needed for putting across this highly explosive material. But I feel that he sometimes gets the balance wrong between the presentation and the interpretation of it. It is, after all, the material which is so interesting and arresting, and so often these programmes start with some superbly revealing utterance, either recorded or from the patient himself in the studio, and then they turn into a discussion that seems to take us farther and farther away from the matter in hand into the realms of theory and piety. One felt last week that both Lord Birkett and Lord Pakenham would have been much more effective if they had had to

consider an actual case of the kind that crops up in the courts almost every day rather than being forced into making empty generalisations. Nor do you have to be Voltaire or Mrs. Margaret Knight to object to the way at the end of these 'Lifeline' discussions some reference to Christian teaching is pulled subtly out of the hat and tagged on to the discussion.

The other method is to present the social problem in terms of a play that isn't a play but a slice of life, and there was a recent example of this in 'The Brittle Bond' on June 17: we made an excursion into the divorce courts to hear a case of surpassing averageness. Of course to all outward seeming it was a play: you had actors, sets, dialogue and so on, but the aim was merely, or rather authentically, to open the eyes, not to touch the heart.

The lucky author is let off having to write a final act. He may quite legitimately leave us in the air about what happened in the end. If Colin Morris had been writing a proper play he would have had to have shown us whether the husband and wife, whose petition and counter petition for divorce was after a wearing case turned down by the judge, were eventually reconciled or not. As it was, he stopped conveniently at the moment when confronted by their two young children they stood facing each other outside the court; within it we could hear the next case being called. In any court the process of justice is a mechanism, ever fascinating to the onlooker, however drab and commonplace the incidents that come into the light of day, and it was this contrast between the ponderous power of the judicial machine and the sordid domestic squabble it was weighing up that the programme brought out brilliantly.

Critics are supposed from time to time to invent trends. You need a minimum of three examples for a trend, and I think I have them for a new trend in documentary television—'Black Furrow', 'The Golden Egg', 'The Brittle Bond'. These three outstanding programmes are each in the Galsworthy tradition of playwriting but with the melodrama left out along with the phoney sentiment it bred; theirs is the humble practical task of pointing out to society as a whole how part of it lives and works.

Yet another brittle bond that snaps this week is the one attaching me professionally to my television set. The breaking of so great a thing, as Cleopatra put it, should have made a greater crack. It only remains to wish Mr. K. W. Gransden best luck



A scene from 'The Brittle Bond', on June 17: a dramatised documentary by Colin Morris. The action takes place in a divorce court where husband and wife fight for the custody of their children

with the birds and the bees, and to record a vote of thanks to producers and performers for work which in a bare six months has opened up so many fascinating worlds about which one had hitherto been entirely ignorant.

ANTHONY CURTIS

[Next week Mr. K. W. Gransden will take over this column.]

## DRAMA

### Biography for Beginners

WHEN S. N. BEHRMAN'S PLAY 'Biography' had its first production in New York in 1932, it revealed him as a playwright committed to the comic solution of the problem of civilised living and turned out to be his biggest theatrical success. His tolerant amusement at the prejudice, contradictions, and intensities of half the human race were sensitively evoked in John Jacobs' ('Sunday-Night Theatre') production of the same play and it was pleasant to find a piece of writing with considerable depths of awareness treated as something more than just another comedy.

Behrman intended to bring to life in the feckless painter Marion Froude a woman capable of such gracious amusement at the absurdities of being alive that a glow of wisdom occasionally lifted her away from apparent superficiality. It is not easy to infuse a dash of wisdom into a woman wearing very fashionable clothes with the poise of a courtesan and a gurgling joy in slightly shocking conversation. Patricia Neal's surface allure beautifully implied the undertones of a wisdom distilled from something more than worldliness, and she has that gift-of-the-acting-gods, the ability to make controlled emotion moving.

As the play develops in the cavernous room on West 57th Street, New York, first Kurt, the fanatically frank journalist, then Feydak, more mellowed and disillusioned, and Bunny Nolan the eternal opportunist, become entangled in Marion's gentle web. Vivian Matalon gave a softened interpretation of the corrosive Kurt,



An avocet on its nest, as seen by viewers in the series 'Look', on June 20

S. C. Porter





Patricia Neal as Marion Froude and Vivian Matalon as Richard Kurt in a scene from 'Biography' on June 22



Margaret Lockwood as Mollie Miller and Hugh Sinclair as Richard Manning in the first part of the new serial 'The Royalty', on June 20

who, as representative of a magazine called *Every Week* wants to serialise the private life of Marion because her subtle personality has ensnared brilliant men and women into sitting for their portraits. Marion's first confusion at such a proposition undergoes a rapid change as she realises the many and not least mischievous possibilities of such an adventure. The pompous and impossible Nolan—definitely played by Gordon Sterne—appears out of the past to recall that he was her first lover, and learns to his dismay that she intends to publicise the fact, blithely unaware that it will ruin his chances of running for the Senate. Kurt challenges Nolan's attempts to stop publication, and a fine smother of rudery from Kurt and platitudes from Nolan develop into one skirmish after another.

Patricia Neal spins each new admirer most seductively round her finger, and when her final triumph comes with Nolan's prospective father-in-law inviting her to dinner in his private suite her gurgling hint of laughter combines delight and disillusion in just the right degree. The point at which the destructive Kurt abandons neurotic behaviour and reveals that he also loves her is too time-worn a twist to be played effectively, but Patricia Neal's treatment of the final scene, where Marion burns her biography and rejects Kurt because his hatreds frighten her, brought out the full poignancy underlying the play.

With 'Death Minus One' (Saturday, June 21) I was fascinated at the outset by such an array of science-fiction clichés. Here was the rocket soaring skywards while the craggy faced President of J. B. Falmouth Inc. watched its trajectory; here was the technical dialogue deftly inserted—'When do we get the instrumentation report'—and the German scientist called Hans Werner who inevitably came from Peenemünde. Fascination grew as the play unfolded and fourteen-year-old Bud drove the craggy Falmouth to comment: 'I hear Bud's been dropped from his school team. I hear in some tough situations . . . he held back, was afraid'. It seemed that we were about to begin another encounter with an embarrassing brand of transatlantic manliness among the rockets and I remembered the wry treatment with which Nigel Balchin's *Small Back Room* awakened deeper echoes in

the human psyche than Arthur Hailey appeared to know.

Then the play began to change. Confronted with the ancient walls of St. Paul's and the collapse of a bomb-damaged building which traps Bud and his cousin Sylvia, the tension tightened. The rescue party finds a bomb blocking its path, the bomb turns out to be an unexploded rocket, and the German scientist, with unmistakable English roots, is summoned by plane to deal with it. The mounting tension was made melodramatic by appalling background music and the old-fashioned production underlined every moment of drama and courage, but the last scene when Bud—subtly played by Tony Brown—had to remove the fuse under Hans Werner's direction, had something of that riveting quality of terror fully shared. A good thriller indifferently produced.

Take a cool, sophisticated Continental personality, add the manual dexterity of a Rachmaninov, mix in the wit of a second-class Thurber, and grant the result a gravelled voice with superb powers of timing and you have Victor Borge, the highest-paid television artist from America. We met him at length on June 16, and if those prolonged seventy minutes lacked the bite of his last appearance the old skills were still evident. The musical joke, the mimicry, the sardonic patter, and the subtlest

form of hand-clowning each followed fast on the heels of the other, some of it dazzling enough—but it all went on far too long.

VINCENT BROME

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### End Game

EARLY THIS YEAR one of the producers commiserated with me in a letter to *THE LISTENER*. My heart, he said, was in the theatre, my plight in having to write about plays on the air was pitiable. Or words to that effect; he did not actually go as far as 'heart'. My reply was that what I care about is good drama, in whatever medium.

My tenure of this column has happened to coincide with a period of transition in which the proportion of substantial theatrical drama on the air has dwindled alarmingly, with ominous prospect of diminishing still farther in the future. So I am not altogether sorry to be handing over now to Mr. Ian Rodger, who will make his entrance next week. Not that he will be dragging through a dramatic desert. I rather envy him that (to us) unknown Anouilh, and another (to us) new Ugo Betti, among other good things. Nor would I part with the impression that in the past eighteen months I have not had the time of my critical life. I have been suitably occupied in counting my blessings and it comes to quite a score.

I have heard plays by Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, some in distinguished productions by Raymond Raikes, and in one of which June Tobin entered the top class of British actresses. Mr. Raikes, with John Barton, was also responsible for an extraordinary *tour de force*, the invaluable 'First Stage' series, which maintained a high level of sheer entertainment and resuscitated a whole range of English drama virtually unknown to modern audiences. If there was no Shakespeare at all over the first two-thirds of my critical course there have been four since; and though his contemporaries were inadequately represented I shall not soon forget the vitality and virtuosity of Sir Donald



A scene from the C.B.C. telerecording, 'Death Minus One', on June 21, with Tony Brown as Bud Falmouth



Wolfit's incomparable Volpone. Three Ibsen productions included Dame Peggy Ashcroft's superb Hedda Gabler; and Sir John Gielgud's Ivanov restored the play about him to its proper place in the Chekhov canon. John Gibson made a great impression with some of his O'Casey productions, in which Jack McGowran established himself as a leading character actor, but modern English drama was thinly represented, despite Sir John Gielgud's performances in Coward and Rattigan, with only two substantial American plays, an O'Neill and a Tennessee Williams. European drama was better served, especially in the Third Programme. De Musset, Anouilh, Cocteau, Ionesco and, a new name to most of us, Audiberti; Kleist, Hauptmann, Hochwalder; only one Lorca, but three powerful productions of Ugo Betti, two of them by Donald McWhinnie.

All these were theatrical works. Anyone who feels sorry for a radio drama critic might compare this selection with the number, range, and proportion of substantial plays that fall to the lot of any theatrical drama critic in a comparable period. There is no shadow of doubt that the listeners have had the best of it, by a very long way; and they have had other pleasures too. Not all adapted novels make good drama, but from the Chinese 'Repair of Heaven' by E. J. King-Bull, and the powerful production of Wyndham Lewis' 'Human Age' trilogy by D. G. Bridson, to a notable James Joyce, a Gogol solo—a virtuoso performance by Paul Scofield—and the Proust pastiches by Pamela Hansford-Johnson, probably the finest English writing for radio in recent years, there have been not a few things to write home about. Original radio drama has not often scaled the heights, but has produced some valuable new talents.

But the event of my term of office was the arrival on the air of Samuel Beckett. 'All that Fall' could be the finest original radio play ever written in English. We have also heard (in French) Beckett's 'Fin de Partie'; and, in view of the Lord Chamberlain's deplorable ban on the English version, 'End Game', I regret that this has not yet been heard on the air, as was apparently at one time planned. Beckett is brilliant in all three kinds: original radio plays (how soon can he be induced to write another?), theatrical drama, and his spell-binding novels, of which we had a reading from *Molloy* and, in the Third last week, one from *Malone Dies*, again admirably spoken by Patrick Magee.

There is no exaggeration in describing the work of a Department which can put out this range of work in so short a space of time as 'the National Theatre of the Air'. It has also, of course, its other important function of providing a vast amount of unmemorable light entertainment for a listening public still large. The great question for the future is how much farther this will be allowed to encroach on the more substantial and enduring work, to fight a falling market in sound radio.

It is a pleasing coincidence that I can sign off with congratulations to Val Gielgud on his merited place in the recent Honours List. Bacon quotes the maxim 'that critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes'. If I have sometimes been over-zealous with the brush-off, it was because I did so want them all to look their best. After which valediction, the rest is silence.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### A Valediction: of the Word

I HAVE SOMETIMES REMARKED that poetry seems to be fighting a rearguard action on the air these days. By some happy coincidence the week which ended on Saturday, the last on which I

shall be reporting for this column, was dominated by poetry and poetic prose: six hours and ten minutes of it (including repeats), or about two months' normal ration, all of it on the Third. I shall not enquire into the reason for this sudden and mysterious lavishness, but shall gratefully accept it in the spirit in which it was offered. My only regret is that this had to be written before the broadcast, on Saturday, of the first of two readings by Ezra Pound of selections from his own work: a major contribution not only to a rich week of broadcasting but to the literary archives of the twentieth century.

The week began with Donald Wolfit reading some more of 'The Ring and the Book', on which the Third is currently going great guns once a fortnight. Somebody is evidently determined to refute those who have complained at the niggardly treatment accorded to verse. Generous instructions have been issued: 'Take an hour at a time. Get the best readers, Finch, Goring, Wolfit, anyone you like. Money no object'. There are still six readings to come, but one would be churlish not to raise three interim cheers for this ambitious project.

We were offered two hearings of 'Feminine Endings', another of Patric Dickinson's fascinatingly wayward critical and biographical studies, this time of Swinburne. I liked this for its outspokenness, though the chronology was sometimes confusing as we hopped about between poetry and criticism, fact and opinion. Then Patrick Magee read extracts—interspersed with some terrifyingly apt nerve-music—from Beckett's *Malone Dies*, in a grating, quavering, sexless voice, dry as a cicada's song: a *tour-de-force* which brought astonishingly to the surface what Patrick Bowles called, in a recent Third Programme talk, Beckett's 'deep blarney'. Mr. Magee's interpretations of *Malone* and *Molloy* are classics of the Spoken Word.

Looking back—as it now seems appropriate to do—over nearly six months of listening for this column, I notice that, despite last week, it is the Home Service, not the Third, which has dominated my reports, with forty-four items to the Third's twenty-seven (the Light scored four, Network Three seven). I realise that this leaves out many interesting talks which were printed in THE LISTENER and did not seem to call for any comment here. All the same, I think that any time up to a year ago the Third's proportion would have been higher. I am certainly not biased against the Third. In its earlier, golden age I hardly ever listened to anything else. It was a revelation to someone brought up to believe that broadcasting consisted of endless light music punctuated by news bulletins and raucous, incomprehensible comedians. But it is now the Home which provides the most reliable all-round service for the serious listener.

By selling out twelve hours a week to the pointless Network Three, the Third has suffered, and it's no use pretending otherwise. I have listened to a good deal of what the new service has to offer, and my objection isn't to the individual programmes but to the mistaken idea that they add up to an entity and have a single unifying character. If Network Three were scrapped (I know it won't be, but after six months I feel entitled to one irresponsible pipe-dream) that wouldn't mean scrapping its programmes. A few could be dropped quietly overboard with no loss to anyone, but most of them could easily be divided up among the other three services. 'Talking of Pictures', for instance, would have been a credit to either the Home or the Third, while 'The World of Books' would go very well on the Light, which now has no book programme.

I should also like to see the Third's policy on repeats modified somewhat. I am all in favour of repeating (and not just on the Third,

but on the Home or, come to that, on television) a programme which has excited interest and comment: say a month after the first hearing. But the Third's automatic repeats of long features within a few days of the original broadcast upset the week's balance and give listeners no time to decide whether the programme actually deserve a second hearing.

But I want to end on a positive note. During the past six months I have heard a very large number of enjoyable, interesting and profitable programmes. Much of the work done by the Talks and Features Departments gets far too little serious critical attention nowadays. Yet it deserves to get just as much as television, novels, or films. Those who are so fond of discussing the decline in cultural values ought to listen to the wireless occasionally. I honestly think they would be surprised—and impressed.

K. W. GRANSDEN

[Next week Mr. Philip Henderson will take over this column.]

## MUSIC

### Povere Donne!

DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE, and Violetta Valery, alias the Lady of the Camellias, unhappy ladies both, occupied my attention, more than anything else, during the past week. Dido had, indeed, two incarnations—at Ingestre Hall whence Purcell's version of her story was broadcast on the Sunday night and at Covent Garden where Berlioz' 'The Trojans' was revived on the following evening. Although listeners at home have to wait for a while to hear the last-named work, I draw attention to it so that it may not be wholly eclipsed by the popular glamour of the star-singer in 'La Traviata'. 'The Trojans' is essentially an opera *à see*, but I hope that those who attend to it on July 17 will bear with its occasional weak patches. They will be rewarded for their patience with scenes of ineffable beauty.

Purcell's Dido was represented by Gerda Lammers, lately the splendid Elektra of the Royal Opera. I confess I was astonished by the engagement of this exponent of heavy-weight Strauss for a part demanding a much purer style of singing. In the event, her performance once more proved the proposition that an ability to ride the Straussian whirlwind, in which the voice invariably receives strong support and apparent amplification from one or other section of the orchestra, does not necessarily qualify a singer to succeed in the more uncovered vocal music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Yet Gerda Lammers made her name, I believe, as an interpreter of Bach. It may well be that she had not had time to adjust her style, lately expanded for 'Elektra', to the refinement of Purcell. That may be the explanation of the unsteady tone spreading all round the notes that marred Gerda Lammers' performance. Her English declamation, if not always perfect, was remarkably good. But, in all the circumstances, one could not help wondering why one of our English sopranos, expert in this kind of music, was not engaged for the part. Heather Harper (Belinda) gave us the kind of singing I mean. The rest were competent and the choral singing though uneven in quality, was excellent in the witches' and sailors' music. John Pritchard secured some fine playing from the contingent of the Liverpool Orchestra.

Maria Callas' Violetta at Covent Garden was histrionically the most complete and realistic interpretation of the part that has been seen there. Here was the dazzling mistress of a wealthy man, not beautiful in the conventional sense but obviously fascinating. And here, in the second



act, was the woman genuinely in love, her meretricious glamour cast off, and on the way to becoming a respectable lady. And at the end she was quite horribly a woman in the last throes of a mortal illness, her good looks fallen away and her voice a wail and a croak. There was an immense amount to admire in the inflexions she gave to her words and phrases, especially in the recitatives and in *parlando* passages, but also, sometimes, in her handling of more sustained music, as in the page leading up to 'Dite alla giovine'. And her response to Alfredo's declaration of love ('Un di felice') was quite marvellously right, the *foriture* being used to convey her sense of amusement at this callow youth who has not yet succeeded in touching her heart.

When so much in her performance was

admirable, it is sad to have to record that Mme. Callas, whether from a passing indisposition or owing to the effect of her drastic *régime*, was in poor voice. In the first act especially her high notes were usually far from agreeable in quality and were too often forced up to the sharp side of the note. Her faithful admirers interrupted her big *scena* with applause which, to her credit, she did nothing to encourage—for there is no question about her seriousness and integrity as an artist. But, as singing, her performance no more merited this outburst than the conductor's deserved the boos that surprisingly greeted his appearance at the end. It is true that he had taken the music of the gambling scene too fast and so deprived it of its sinister feeling, and he allowed the wood-winds to bleat out too loud in the death-scene during the *Andante sostenuto*

which Verdi marked to be played *pianissimo* throughout. But generally he conducted with good taste and accompanied the singers sympathetically.

The tenor, Valletti, though hardly the embodiment of youthful ardour, gave a thoroughly competent performance, and Mario Zanasi, fining down his performance to the soprano's muted scale, made a most sympathetic figure of the elder Germont. All that was needed (but how much that is!) to turn this into a great performance of the opera was an expansion of the soprano's voice in pure tone, e.g. in 'Addio del passato' and on the great arching melodies, such as that which punctuates the scene at Flora's party while Alfredo is winning at the gaming-table.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Folk Music Today

By ROBERT DONINGTON

A concert in celebration of the jubilee of the English Folk Dance and Song Society will be broadcast at 9.45 p.m. on Tuesday, July 1 (Home Service)

THERE can be little doubt that folk music is in the blood. I have no idea how much if any folk music is being created in the world today, in the literal sense of new tunes. But were new tunes ever the most important part of folk tradition? Surely not. The most important part was reliving old tunes so that they came out freshly, with those small changes of style and emphasis which made collective products of them in the end.

I had not myself realised how vitally the old tunes are still being relived until the Folk Song Society's concert on May 20, of which the B.B.C. is broadcasting a recording on July 1. Here is a full programme of folk song settings ranging from Senfi in the sixteenth century to Britten and Tippett in this year of grace. Some of them are beautiful almost past bearing, and others grate harshly on one's sense of congruity. The ones which grate are, I found, not by any means always those which depart farthest from the style of the original melody. On the contrary, some of the most successful are particularly personal in their handling of the folk material. And with that realisation, I threw overboard a long-cherished assumption that what an arranger should do is to search out the nearest match in harmony to the folk melody itself. Certainly the modal tunes, for example, need their mode respected, though with an intuitive rather than an academic sense of style. What really happens, however, is that in some deep level of his psyche the arranger finds not so much the harmony as the experience which matches the melody. He feels it over again in his own person, and he comes up with something for which arrangement is really too parsimonious a term. What is any composition but a highly individual experience of collective images? A folk-tune setting is an act of composition—or a fake.

It is a fake, like any other 'reproduction' (in the sense of 'reproduction' period furniture) or commercial music, when it is put together, or in so far as it is put together, by the skilful use of musical resources without much feeling behind them. Commercial music titivates; 'reproduction' music bores. That is the chief difference; and none of this either comes from or gets the listener down to the level where real heat is generated and old, profound experience can be fused anew.

Music, the real thing, is always forged at temperatures above melting-point, and it seems to be as true of the psyche as it is of the earth that the nearer the centre you get, the higher the temperatures. Folk music came or comes from very deep levels indeed. At those levels, we are still the instinctual child-like beings whose rich but tempestuous impulses are partly canalised, partly cramped by civilisation. Being civilised is something of a strain. We long for our primal state of untroubled nature. Or perhaps we do not long for it, but contrive to be quietly in touch with our own deeper sources. Then life can really flow.

It is hard to judge the folk music of another nation, with all the differences of character and imagery that fact implies. But I cannot help thinking of Bartók as a man longing immoderately to be a natural, peasant man, and reaching out towards folk music with urgent hope but across a barrier his sophistication, his civilisation if you like, would never let him pass. Like the hero of one of Thomas Mann's most famous stories he would almost have given up his genius for the satisfaction of becoming an ordinary man. Luckily for the world, he could not do that. And his genius absorbed nourishment from his passion for folk music—there is no doubt of that—but across the gap. His actual folk tune settings are, for me, of the grating sort, because the two elements, individual and collective, are not fused together. Perhaps I am as wrong about this as Continentals are apt to be about our own Vaughan Williams; but I certainly felt jarred by the Bartók settings in this programme, and by the Stravinsky too.

Vaughan Williams, whose one item, 'Ca' the Ewes', moved me more than any other in the programme, is at the opposite extreme. I doubt if there is a living composer so in touch with his own deepest sources—which means the collective sources, the primal sources—as Vaughan Williams. For him there is no gap; he moves at ease among the archetypes. It is a remarkable achievement to pour such feeling into his deceptively simple setting of folk tunes. What his assimilation of those folk tunes into his own highly individual personality has done for his music in general we in England know very well.

What Vaughan Williams does with genius, Gustav Holst did with something a little short of genius, but not so very much short. His folk settings have the authentic stamp, the authentic

integration of the two elements involved; they are full of beauty. His daughter, Imogen Holst, has followed her father, but not in his footsteps: the single item she contributes is in a style quite her own. Hers is a quiet personality, but in perfect balance here with her folk material; and this balance gives the setting an extraordinarily satisfactory quality.

Balance is not Michael Tippett's most conspicuous characteristic: on the contrary, a glorious extremism. His setting of 'Bonny at Morn' for voices in unison, with three recorder melodies wandering off in all directions yet keeping in subtle (too subtle?) touch with their parent melody, is probably the most original piece in the programme. But it may well be a principle of good folk tune setting that some sort of balance between the folk and the personal element should result, and at a first hearing I am not sure that this music holds together. An arresting piece, but centrifugal.

Britten has matured magnificently in recent years. His way with folk melodies is original, if you like; but it is also something much better than that. The mastery of his touch and the sureness of his feeling have grown to full stature. He is still capable of a clever, impertinent *jeu d'esprit* like his 'Brisk Young Widow' in which the undoubted wit conflicts a little with the true tradition of folk humour: town wit as against country wit, both dry, but the latter is the mellower. What of it? That is only genius at play; and the operative word is genius. One or two of these Britten settings had me on the verge of tears, which only the Vaughan Williams did otherwise.

My final thought was a strong realisation of what we owe to the Folk Song Society and its pioneers, as well as to the young talent and enthusiasm which is continuing its work. The pioneers saw the inestimable value of the music when no one else was interested; and that was harder at the time than it is now easy to recognise. They were just in time. The Society today, now merged into the English Folk Dance and Song Society (and the full title draws attention to the other great side to its activities), is carrying its responsibilities well. But it is not only the pleasure of the folk songs themselves that we owe to these two or three generations of enthusiasts. It is what they have helped to put back into the main stream of our English musical life.



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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## SOUPS FOR THE SUMMER

DURING THE SUMMER cold soups are a valuable standby, and if you take advantage of the many excellent packaged and compressed soups you can combine them with the resources of the stock-pot when you are in a hurry. And if you like experimenting, this is where you come into your own. A dash of white wine, a sprinkling of grated cheese stirred in just as it reaches boiling point are among the many possibilities.

As a basis for my cold soups I make a very good stock with six-pennyworth of bones—veal bones are the best as a basis for jellied soups because of the high proportion of gelatine they contain—add the well-washed outside leaves and trimmings from a cabbage lettuce, any left-overs, such as bean or pea pods, coarse spinach leaves when in season, a few bacon rinds, a clove of garlic, a large onion, and herbs to taste, I often use lemon thyme and rosemary. Strain it after cooking; and remember if you have stock left over it must be brought to boiling point each day to keep it fresh.

Here is an easy cold soup to make—you do not need any stock for it, and it does not need cooking. Take enough yoghurt for the number of people you are serving and mix it with tomato juice, a dash of Worcester sauce, some pepper

and salt and chopped chives, and put it to chill. It should be a thick, creamy consistency.

Another simple recipe is jellied tomato bouillon. You will need:

- 1 pint of stock
- 1 slice of onion
- 1½ tablespoons of powdered gelatine
- 1 tablespoon of lemon juice
- ½ gill of cold water
- ½ pint of tomato juice
- celery-salt and pepper to taste
- paprika or parsley

Add to a pint of stock a slice of onion, celery-salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, strain into a basin. Soften the gelatine in two tablespoons of cold water. Add to the stock and stir until dissolved. Add the cold water, lemon juice, and tomato juice. Pour into soup cups. Chill in the refrigerator. Top it with a teaspoon of whipped cream, and sprinkle with minced parsley.

ANNE WILD

## STUFFED TOMATOES

Prepare very small tomatoes by almost cutting off the top, making a 'lid' with a little hinge. Let the 'lid' hang at the side, and scoop out a little of the inside of the tomato with a teaspoon.

Mix together tinned anchovies, prawns, and a hard-boiled egg. Chop the mixture finely and add the oil from the anchovies.

Put the mixture into the tomatoes, and cover with a little mayonnaise. In between the 'lid' and the filling put half a stuffed olive. At a party these are easy to eat with your fingers.

MARIE-JEANNE

## Notes on Contributors

GEORGE BULL (page 1043): Assistant Foreign News Editor of *The Financial Times*

H. C. LONGUET-HIGGINS (page 1047): John Humphrey Plummer Professor of Theoretical Chemistry, Cambridge University, since 1954

JOHN SPARROW (page 1049): Warden of All Souls College, Oxford

NORMAN NICHOLSON (page 1051): poet, playwright, and critic; author of *William Cowper*, *Wordsworth*, *H. G. Wells*, *Cumberland and Westmorland*, *The Lakers*, etc.

A. C. MACINTYRE (page 1054): Lecturer in Philosophy, Leeds University

V. S. PRITCHETT (page 1061): critic and author of *The Spanish Temper*, *The Living Novel*, *Nothing Like Leather*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,465.

## Bits and Pieces.

## By Pipeg

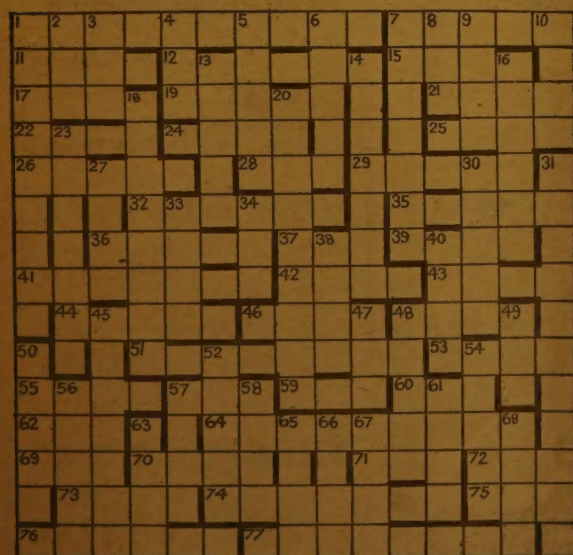
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 3. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

Each clue marked P leads to one word of a pair connected by 'and'; the light is the other member of the pair. E.g., if the clue leads to JETSAM the light might be FLOTSAM. Clues marked N lead to words, whose antonyms form the lights. E.g., if the clue lead to VICE, the light might be VIRTUE. The remaining clues are normal. The number in brackets is the number of letters in the word to which the clue leads

### CLUES—ACROSS

- 1P. Alkali made from plant dust (6)
- 7P. Mark of distinction for scholars and heroes of old (6)
- 11P. Shoot the young hawk without hesitation (6)



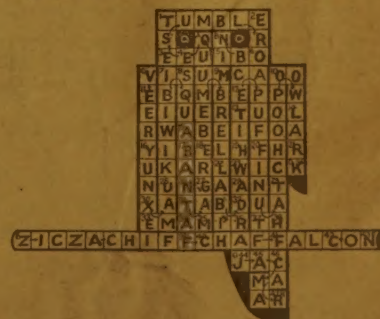
- 12P. She held her court in the caverns of the Horsa (5)
- 15P. Shepherd's lover has a meal after the fête (7)
- 17N. Origins (10)
- 19N. Early antique superseded (3)
- 21. Ruler who converts the turn-coats (4)
- 22P. The weight-lifter is a knave (4)
- 24P. Small deer which poor Tom ate (4)
- 25P. Whip used at Eton? (4)
- 26N. Sign of two uncles on the other side (4)
- 28P. Spiritless and indifferent (4)
- 29N. As the foreigner says, the Scottish river—that's the highest point (6)
- 32. Not one of the brothers, but associated with Marx (6)
- 35. Wild about an Indian prince's wife (5)
- 36. Lyric in which Poe shows up badly at first (5)
- 37. Daughter of Cadmus who became a sea goddess (3)
- 39P. Thesis once maintained by candidate for a degree (3)
- 41P. Not the right party to move slowly (6)
- 42. With this the dominie beats studious boy's back (4)
- 43. Malay dagger with a wavy blade (4)
- 44. Church service for the 7th of March in Rome (5)
- 46P. Circus tent is usually the big one (3)
- 48P. Known for his metrical psalms—in composition, slow (5)
- 51P. Shakespeare's French physician (5)
- 53P. Man gets the pip, involved in business with a Fabian (6)
- 55P. A long way off (3)
- 57P. One of the Arcadians, fond of pipe music (3)
- 59. What you must never do with bad fish (3)
- 60. Hamper the highwayman (3)
- 62. Tacit one is quiet, the 'foster-child of silence' (3)
- 64P. Bullock has to cross the water; he teaches here (6)
- 69. In for a good bit of fun (3)
- 70. Cut down the rotten fruit tree (4)
- 71. Mount for a Princess (3)
- 72. Trouble brewing for Mahomet's cousin (3)
- 73P. This piece of land was enough for one household (4)
- 74P. Ninny follows sweetheart with hat in medieval religious romance (8)
- 75. Desert more willingly without her (3)
- 76P. Ruskin's fleurs-de-lis (6)
- 77P. 12th century saint and playwright (7)

### DOWN

- 1P. Ostentation in an assembly of lions (5)
- 2. Up the French patriarch! He's the personification of an age (3)
- 3P. Lime tree of the equator (4)

- 4P. Mad-heads (4)
- 5P. Portuguese territory without a pass (2)
- 6. Piece of Silver? (5)
- 7P. University to which Caius should belong? (4)
- 8P. The function of a person who disputed a thesis (9)
- 9P. Autumn leaves do (4)
- 10P. Time-honoured in Shakespeare (9)
- 13P. In residence at college (2)
- 14P. Dickens! It's a queer skating-place Jos goes round! (7)
- 16N. Irreverent note in an old homily (7)
- 18N. Rousing the Women's Army before royalty appears (6)
- 20. In a niche toil laboriously, describing the later Stone Age (9)
- 23P. Intimidate the lads on the ranch (7)
- 27N. Country justice once practised at Windsor (7)
- 30N. Describes service in war or peace (6)
- 31P. Understanding printers' measures in a London district (5)
- 33. A reputation for money (4)
- 34. Launce, remove the sand—there's the fish (3)
- 38P. Prong from a too thin hay-fork (5)
- 40N. (Rev.) Not Duncan, but murdered by Macbeth (5)
- 45P. Fruits provided by the French in Belgium (6)
- 47. To beat against the wind (3)
- 48N. Spurless, Percy was called once (3)
- 49P. Movement starting loud then becoming soft (4)
- 50P. Enchantment for a short time (5)
- 52P. (Rev.) 'Now for the gay Sally Lunn'—quite the reverse, Mr. Publisher (6)
- 54P. Pen, perhaps, is one of the business partners (4)
- 56. In any Scot's eye there's a prince to destroy (5)
- 57. Hold up and have a look (4)
- 58. If you want it a paper-mulberry tree provides this bark (4)
- 61P. First woman to appear in town without false pretence (3)
- 63. Get a piece of land from a real-estate agent (4)
- 65P. (Rev.) Hebrew oracle—sounds like 'Ask 'im for a lift' (7)
- 66P. Carry the Scottish barley (4)
- 67. Old Spanish coin in the Escorial (4)
- 68. The lance-corporal shows spirit (4)

## Solution of No. 1,463



Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. N. Worledge (Stanmore); 2nd prize: Miss J. Forbes (Bromley); 3rd prize: E. F. Watling (Sheffield, 10)

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